

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 8

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

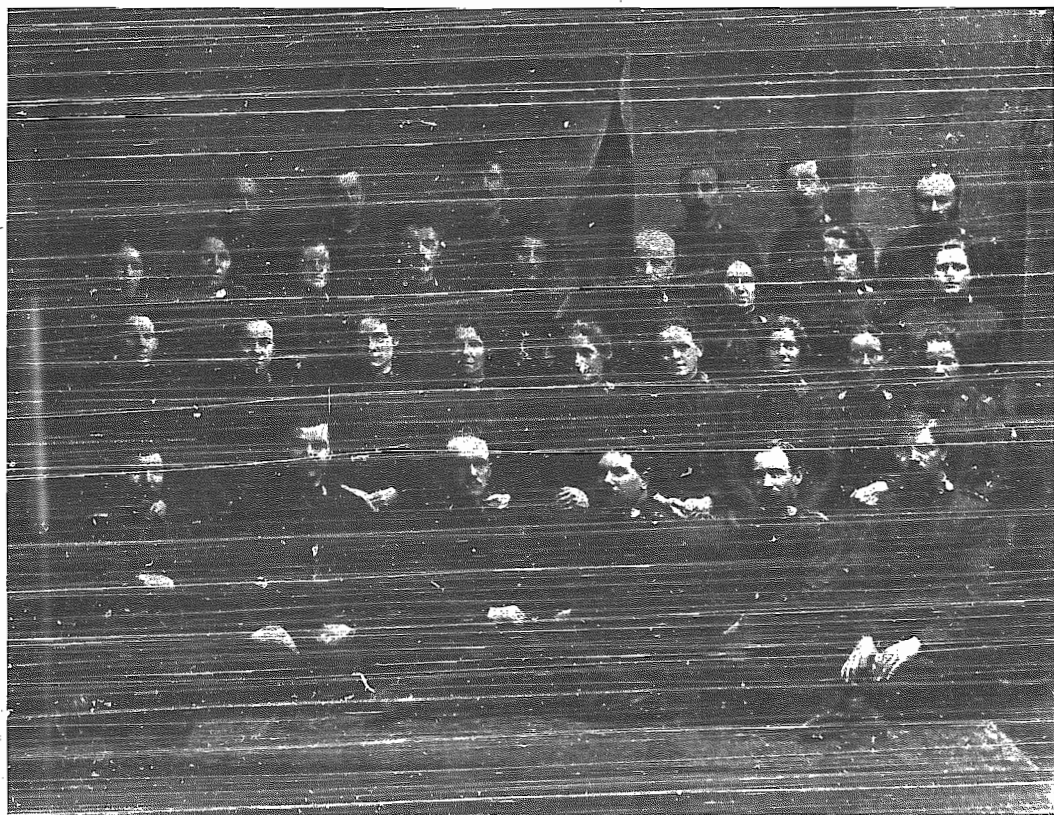
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A Memento of the Recent Staff Councils at Toronto.

The Field Commissioner, Chiefs of Provinces, and Headquarters' Departments.



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Australasia Revisited

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM- MISSIONER POLLARD.

(The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole, by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER XVII. CALAMITIES.

The romantic, comic, and tragic were not wanting in the quarantine experiences of the General and his party. All three are common bed-fellows in the incidents which go to make up most lives.

The comic was supplied in the general situation. The General was able to see, but not touch, his son. That wonderful law of isolation, by which all three are common bed-fellows in the incidents which go to make up most lives. The comic was supplied in the general situation. The General was able to see, but not touch, his son. That wonderful law of isolation, by which all three are common bed-fellows in the incidents which go to make up most lives.

In Quarantine.

"Call it tragic or comic if you like," says Commissioner Pollard, looking back on the episode. "To see Colonel Lawley with a bundle of luggage on his back, Adj. Barrett over-freighted with baggage, and the General dragging the big type-writer along the beach, all in search of a suitable incampment, was a calamity of the first order. It spoiled the West Australian Campaign, and sowed the seeds of the illness from which the General, at its crisis, stood in imminent danger."

And that was the second calamity, for it robbed Adelaide of the privilege for which it had long been preparing, of according our leader such a welcome as he had not dreamed of. We need not go into the details of this calamity. For the General lay in a state of absolute prostration. Doctor, nurses and leaders were unremittent in their devotion, the Commandant and Commissioner Pollard sleeping on mattresses in the passage way outside the General's room, so as to be on hand in case any serious symptoms or development occurred. It was a memorable struggle, witnessed in spirit by tens of thousands throughout the colonies, especially in New Zealand. It was the General's intention to go direct from South Australia to New Zealand. The Commandant, on perceiving the character of the General's illness, received the Chief of the Staff's assent to cancelling the New Zealand section of the tour, and the colony was advised to prepare for the worst.

No Retreating

But not for the first or twentieth time the General rallied, and with the aid of the first symptoms of convalescence, he inquired as to when he would reach New Zealand.

"We have practically cancelled that part of the campaign in view of your suffering, General," the two leaders on the bridge stated. "New Zealand was more effective to a patient than was this announcement to the General. The idea of giving a whole colony the go-by, why—the General looked as if he would linger, draw, and quarter his advisers." "No, never! I shall go to New Zealand."

"But the risks?" the two pleaded. "I'll accept them—I shall go. The good land, brave war horse did, and from the hour he landed till he waved his last salute to his dear son and daughter, the General did not once miss a meeting or fall in an engagement."

Record of calamities did not, however, finish at Adelaide. Commissioner Pollard was nearly poisoned at Brisbane, almost broke his back at Sydney, and was run over in Mel-

bourne, the latter calamity depriving him of the privilege of seeing a meeting for a week. In the beginning, or, it was the Commandant, Commissioner Pollard and the driver. The horse shied, the cart collided with a lamp-post, the force of the compact hurled the Commandant on one side of the roadway, and the Commissioner on the other. In the momentum which the vehicle received it passed over the Commissioner's foot, injuring and snapping the tendons. A hue and cry was raised, and as the ambulance work is done by the fire brigade, there soon came tearing along a fire engine, a stretcher, and all the appurtenances of surgery!

The Commissioner now jokingly reviews the situation. "I was first taken to the headquarters and from thence placed on a stretcher, a canvas covering hiding my face from the public, and escorted to the Women's Training Home, where I was taken to a prison for a week. It was grimly interesting to hear the folks on the sidewalk say, 'Poor fellow—where was he killed?' 'I have never been dead yet, as our Irishman would say, but the experience of not being taken for a madman is painful than pleasant. I can tell you.'"

"What did I do in prison? Oh, work, work, work, and it was one of the best week's work I ever put in, thanks to the Commandant and the patient and hard-working shorthand secretary whom he provided. I shall ever have a fragrant memory of the week I spent there."

Adj. Barrett was another member of the party who fell under the waves of what the world would call ill-luck. He took ill, had to have an operation made on his ear, which prevented him accompanying the General to Tasmania. But, in the midst of the ups and downs, the rallying spirit of the General never deserted him, and the good spirits of the party enabled them to accept the situations with a measure of humour, and certainly a readiness to adapt themselves to them. A soldier's duty!

(To be continued.)

S.-D. COUNCIL.

Brigadier Gaskin Conducts a Council with the City Officers.

2:30 p.m., Monday, found the officers and Cadets gathered at the Lippincott St. barracks, to listen to their Provincial Officer on the subject of the coming Self-Denial campaign.

God came to the aid of the blessed our souls. Right through the council there was a spirit of joy and liberty. The commanding officers of the various city corps gave glowing accounts of the previous day's victories, and of the souls that had been won for God, on the same time telling of being assured of victory in the coming S.-D. effort.

The Brigadier based his remarks on the words, "Work hard and commence at once," also giving us a little of his own experience as a corps officer. The Brigadier closed the afternoon council by praying for God's richest blessing upon those comrades who, through sickness, had been compelled to step aside from the battle for a short time.

Half-Night of Prayer.

At night the Brigadier, assisted by Majors Turner and Collier, Staff-Capt. Stanyon and Archibald, also Adj. and Mrs. Wiseman, conducted a Half-Night-Prayer meeting at the barracks. Again God showed Himself strong on the behalf of His people.

The Brigadier gave as the subject of the meeting the words, Christ and Fight. One after another was called upon to have a few words, and beautiful, indeed, were some of the experiences given as to how they obtained the blessing of a clean heart. All then joined heartily in singing—

"Lord, I hear of showers of blessing."

And the showers came, and heaven seemed very near. Adj. Wiseman followed in the line that the Brigadier had laid down, and brought before those present the thought that just as the men of war built their fortifications, so as to enable them to stand against their enemies, so must we build our fortifications—our confidence in God—to enable us to overcome. David, and the Adjutant, had built up his confidence in God and he went forth and slew the lion.

Major Collier then asked the ques-

tion, "Why don't people walk in the light of God?" He answered by saying those who liked to have their own way too much; they think God will ask too much of them; they say they have given themselves up to God for Him to use them for His service and yet they want to do what He will and how much He shall give them to do. The Major then drew an illustration by saying that if he gave the Brigadier a horse to-day it would be folly for him to go to the Brigadier the next day and tell him he was working the horse too hard. Of course, the Brigadier would say that he was entitled to use the horse as must as he wanted to, seeing that it had become his personal property. Just so God expects us to give ourselves entirely to Him.

Staff-Capt. Archibald and others also gave some valuable advice as to how to obtain the blessing of a clean heart.

The Brigadier then rose in the power of God and dealt out the truth in a powerful manner, dwelling on the words in the eighth chapter of St. John's Gospel: "I am the light of the world. Him that followeth after Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." He brought out very plainly the fact that, although living in a world of sin, the power of God would enable us to walk after Him in purity, of heart and life. "For," He says, "I will dwell in them and walk in them, and they shall be my people, and I will be their God."

When, at the close, the invitation was given, twelve precious comrades stepped out into the light. Glory to God! And everybody, I believe, went home feeling it had been a time of real blessing to their soul.—Capt. Geo. Nyland.

First Impressions OF WEST ONTARIO

Woodstock is a thriving town. The writer and the D. O. (Ensign Wakefield) were announced for a public welcome meeting, and although there were other attractions, yet we had a number present.

The P. O. and D. O. played a musical duet (concertina and guitar) much to the delight of the people.

The soldiers were jubilant over the return of an old soldier who had come to God in the Sunday's meetings. It: good to see them come back home.

S.-D. is O. K. at Woodstock. Under the able leadership of Ensign Crawford and Capt. Sitzer the target is safe.

My, but didn't it rain at Simcoe! It simply poured just at meeting-time; and, in spite of that, the faithful Salvationists went out on the march with music and drum.

A nice crowd gathered inside in spite of the rain. The Band of Love Sergt. Major sang a song of welcome which had been composed by the J. S. Sergt. Major for the occasion. The chorus of which runs as follows:

"We welcome you here, yes, we welcome you here,
As a soldier of Jesus we welcome you here;
United we'll fight for our glorious King,
So gladly a welcome to you we will sing."

We had a rattling good meeting. God was wonderfully near. Two men came to the Mercy tent, and afterwards testified and took their place on the platform.

Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield are sanguine for our S.-D. triumph in the District. We had more than one cup of tea together over the prospects.

It was arranged to spend the weekend at Brantford, where Adj. and Mrs. McHarg are in charge. We scored three souls for salvation—all men.

The Brantford band is a good acquisition to the corps, and they can be relied upon.

The meeting in the jail was a sound affair. God drew near, and one man sought and found mercy.

This was the wind-up of our first tour in W. O. P., and during the tour we conducted 24 meetings and saw 13 kneel at the Mercy Seat.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; and send, as far as possible, news of the missing, and of the health of the missing. Address: Commissioner, 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Persons, Soldiers and Friends are requested to send regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

GRIFFIN, WILLIAM PLANT. Age 28 years, medium height, blue eyes, fair hair and complexion. One ear injured, had been very ill. Last news, in 1892, from Calgary. Was laborer in England. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SCOTT, JOHN. Age 61 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address, C. George W. Torrance, 41 Carlton St., Toronto. We anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GRACE, MARY JANE (nee McCann). When last heard of 7 years ago was in Alamanace, Queensland, Australia. Believed to have gone to South America. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GILDERSON, WILLIAM. Stonemason. Last heard of 6 years ago, at 18 Stroud Road, Munster Road, Fulham, England. And his son,

GILDERSON, WILLIAM ROBERT. Age 25 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown eyes, fair complexion. Attached to the Mediterranean Squadron, stationed at Malta, on July 3rd, 1898. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LUKEY. Wanted, information respecting an elderly gentleman called Reynold Lukey. Reported owner of a gold mine or claim. Believed to have died 14 years ago leaving a large fortune in the gold fields of America. Had no wife or children. Any information respecting the above will be gladly received by Commissioner, E. C. Booth, Address Enquiry, Toronto.

VERGE JOSEPH, sometimes HOSSEY. Age 39, short, dark hair and eyes, light moustache. Left Montreal last of October, 1897, for Crow's Nest Pass. Last heard from August 15th 1898, c/o Alex. Bell, McLeod's. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MCILLAIN, RUSSELL. Age 36, height 6 ft., sandy complexion, brown eyes, sharp features, mole on chin. Last heard from in Oaklake, Manitoba, two years ago. Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(Second insertion.)

JONES, MARY, MRS. Dark complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in. Last address Toronto was 38 Centre Street, Toronto. Husband, very ill. A printer by trade. Friends in England anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CARBREY, JOHN. Age 80 years, formerly a farmer. Last address Toronto. Son in England anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WARD, HENRY. English, height 5 ft. 3 in., dark complexion, left foot turns outward when walking, brown hair, grey eyes, age about 50 years. Has not been heard of for 20 years. In 1879 or 1880 he was at Haddington Hill Street Station, New South Wales. Australia, cooking for men's outfit, and was a well-sinker for a Selector close by. News of interest awaits him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

COVENTRY, ISAAC. Left Woodstock, Canada in 1862, aged 9 years at the time, long to hear from any relative in Canada. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

It has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great plagues, scourge, famine, and pestilence. This is true for us, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace.—W. E. Gladstone.

Sidelights and Shadows on Tour.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

It was just the thing, I thought, to see, marching between the officers in charge of the Winnipeg corps and the writer, two drunken men, who, attracted by the first open-air meeting, held in front of the Clifton Hotel, had fallen in with our procession along Main St., and made themselves quite at home in singing our songs, and in keeping each other in time with the song, and in line with the march.

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Their queer antics inside the barracks at each other's guardian of peace and good order were somewhat amusing, but as they were sitting on the front seat and were well cared for by a couple of vigilant brothers, and the meeting was not seriously disturbed, we were very glad to see them there.

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"That man has spent \$100 in drink this week," was whispered into our ears concerning another, who, being but slightly touched by the spirit of King Alcohol, was able to intelligently "take in" the situation as to his soul's salvation and was one of the three at the Mercy Seat praying for salvation in our Saturday night's meeting.

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This, as of old, is doubtless the work—the special mission of the Salvation Army. "Picking up drunkards and setting them free, These are the things that we do like to see."

When, however, the drunkard, like the Portage in Prairie man, loses all control of himself and persistently insists on ventilating his views to the annoyance of the whole barracks full of people, whether his views be about the "brotherhood of man," about "the flood," or about "Moses and the Israelites," we think that the line should be drawn. Alas! for our sport meeting in Portage that it was so.

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The health of dear Major McMillan, has certainly been practically considered none too soon. It took the Major all his time to hold out when proceeding with the "wind up" of his command. He is such a man to "stick on" as long as he can stand, that neither the entreaties of the writer, nor the persuasions of "Mother," as the Winnipeg officers seem to like to call Mrs. McMillan, would avail until another breakdown, something like the one in Toronto, had occurred in Winnipeg.

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The Major, however, brightened up a good bit toward the last, and finally went through his farewell meeting without a hitch. That War Cry readers will, while the Major is on rest, hear him up in sympathetic and fervent prayer for his speedy recovery, we feel confident. Especially will this be so among the officers and soldiers of the North-West Province, who have a warm place in their hearts for their

sick Provincial Officer. Our Winnipeg "go" closed with thirty seekers.

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To the endless praises of the glorious West, the land of the free, a large number of both old and new friends are freely contributing, as we journey nearer to the Pacific; and the song, "Never has there been a season like the past," is an enthusiastic and a unanimous one, at all events in these parts.

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And when one takes a bird's-eye view of the thriving Prairie City of Winnipeg and beholds the great number of newly-built (or building), wholesale and retail business houses, banks, churches and residences, and hears rolling rumors of "still more in the year coming on," it leads strong color to the enchantment above referred to.

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If not the same in extent, the same kind of thing in proportion, certainly strikes one as you journey through other prairie towns such as Portage, Brandon, Moose Jaw, and the like, all of which are fastly changing for the better.

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New populations are pouring in, new railways are being laid, new settlements and new towns are springing up in the West, and there is any amount of opportunity for an aggressive attitude on the part of the forces of Blood-and-Fire. The Army will keep abreast, if not ahead, of the times, and doubtless Major Southall will, in due course, fasten his eagle eye on that side of affairs and make sparks fly.

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Mrs. Major Jewer was full of interesting stories of the good work being put in, in connection with our "Haven of Hope" for our too often wronged and unfortunate sisters, and can not only put her finger upon the point of effort exercised, but can show much blessed success, in actual reformation, as the result under God's owning and crowning.

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But for the fact that Brigadier Read, our Woman's Social Secretary, is to follow so closely on my heels in these parts, I should feel under very strong obligation to ventilate the story of a few cases. God further and speed this beautiful work.

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Many hearts were evidently touched, particularly during the last half hour of our Brandon campaign. Eighteen backsliders had stood to their feet as an expression that they had missed the best thing when quitting God's service; but strange though it may appear, we could not succeed in getting them any further, till the time we had to rush for the west-bound train. I shall not be surprised to hear of a good break in Brandon soon.

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The way in which Capt. Barringer and Lieut. Russell have taken hold of and worked up the building scheme in Moose Jaw is most commendable. They undertook to raise towards the \$1,500

needed to purchase the property, \$700, and were forthcoming with the cash when it became necessary to plank it down. Good!

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I am not great on banquets, otherwise I should have to say that the same individuals got up a splendid affair on Monday, Oct. 30th, in connection with the opening of the new barracks. This was followed by a bright little meeting, which must result in good. We should have a future in Moose Jaw now that prospects are so promising.



Officers' Quarters, Carberry, Man.

One doesn't often see "baying" going on on the 31st of October, but I declare there was one farmer busy with his mower cutting hay on the prairie between Swift Current and Dunmore. Very good fodder, too, it appeared to be, when viewing it from the train. The sight suggested to me, "Be in season and out of season," to save souls.

Here we are at Dunmore Junction, where Capt. Hurst, our pioneer at Medicine Hat, is awaiting a conference with us on a new building proposal as we journey en route to Lethbridge—about which, more anon.

Lieut.-Col. Margetts AT LETHBRIDGE.

As soon as it became known that Lieut.-Colonel Margetts was to visit here, the deepest enthusiasm was put forth by all to make his visit one long to be remembered in the hearts of the people.

Probably the greatest reception ever tendered an officer was the one given to Lieut.-Colonel Margetts on Oct. 31st. Although the train was due to arrive until 10:23 p.m., crowds of people were at the depot to welcome him to Lethbridge in real North-West fashion.

The Colonel was accompanied by Capt. Hurst, of Medicine Hat, who, it will be remembered, opened up this corps just over a year ago. During her stay here as an officer, she made a host of friends, all of which were delighted to accord her a "Welcome home."

On arrival at the barracks, a reception was given to the visitors, when about 40 soldiers and immediate

friends of the Army sat down to the good things provided.

After one or all had partaken of this, the Colonel called upon Captain Hurst to sing a solo, in which she ably responded. The Captain also spoke at some length of the encouraging condition of her work at Medicine Hat, reporting perfect victory in the war.

A "Fire a volley" greeted the Colonel upon rising, when he favored us with a solo, accompanied by his con- certain. He also spoke of his first visit to this town, as a "spy" on the lookout for a suitable place to commence operations, but to-night his heart was over-joyed to find such a splendid corps of 34 soldiers and six recruits.

The public meeting of the Colonel's was a glorious success. The hall was comfortably filled, and from the first chorus of the prayer meeting (before the open-air) to the last strain of the doxology, God's Spirit was wonderfully felt. The subject of the Colonel's address was entitled "A Potent Question." Every word of the address held the people in deep silence, and at the close an invitation was extended to all, when two brothers and one sister came out for salvation.

These conversions are direct answers to prayers for weeks past. Praise God!

We heartily invite the Colonel to another visit to our corps.—Wm. Farrow, Reg. Cor.

SHRIMPS ON WAR CRY.

Mrs. Adj. Ward and a soldier of the Worthing corps, England, were out booming Cry, when they came upon a catastrophe in the shape of an overturned coster's barrow, a shoal of shrimps biting the dust, and a diseased solate coster being laughed at by an unsympathetic crowd.

In a twinkling a brand new War Cry was spread out upon the ground, and the two Salvationists were down on their knees picking up the scattered shrimps. The laughing crowd, swayed now by interest rather than by amusement, crowded round, and even a "bobby" turned up to view the lads. Seeing the case was in good hands, he contented himself with a "move on" to the crowd and left the scene.

Perhaps the most astonished of the crowd was the coster himself. In two shakes his barrow was righted by the Salvationists, and the shrimps restored to their former position. Giving the coster a Cry to put in his pocket, the Salvationists passed on their way, the matter ended, as they thought.

Not so, however; for the coster, who had never come into touch with the Salvation Army before, felt drawn to go and see these "miracle-workers."

He went to the barracks, God convicted him, and at the pulpit form saved him. Now, this coster had a wife, and, naturally enough, she was the first to whom he hurried, after the meeting, to impart the good news. Another surprise awaited him. She, too, had been to the barracks and found salvation during the week, but had not yet screwed up enough courage to tell him about it.

The happy couple came regularly to the meetings and open-air, and they are likely to be sworn-in as soldiers before very long.

OUR WINNIPEG BUILDINGS.



Officers' Quarters.

S. A. Barracks.

Rescue Home.

The World for Christ.

WHAT WILL YOU DO TO BRING IT ABOUT?

BY THE GENERAL.

Crowds of the ungodly around us are always going to be saved. They are not right; far from it. On the wrong road; they know it only too well. But they intend to stop and turn round and start for heaven some future day.

Close to the spot where I am writing, connected with that corps of which I am a soldier, a young man belonging to this class unexpectedly went to his account before the Great Judge only last week. He belonged to a gang of roughs, but regularly attended the hall. He had made some pretensions to religion in the past. He was civil and attentive in the meetings, but when urged to accept salvation there and then always met the proposal with a steady "No." He was quite sure of being saved at some future day. Only the very Sabbath before he said, "Yes, I shall, I will, I must; BUT NOT NOW." A day or two afterwards, when riding in a cart, the horse unexpectedly bolted, he lost his footing, fell out, went over him—and he was no more.

What a multitude act in the same manner, and perish after the same unexpressed fashion! And, what is equally disastrous in its results, what a multitude there are who are always going to set to work to save the souls of their kindred, neighbors and friends. They are at some other time at some future date. And, while they are making up their minds, the people sicken and die and are damned.

Alas! I have many Salvation Soldiers, and even some Salvation Officers. I fear, belonging to this class, and I want to enquire when they are going to wake up and go to work with all their might to save men and women around them from their impending doom? What my comrades will you do, and do here and now, towards bringing the world to Christ?

A Delusive Religion.

What a mockery, a delusion, and a snare must that religion be, whether expressed by church or corps, that is too much occupied by affairs internal or external to be doing the work for which it exists! What should be said to the members of a Fire Brigade, or a Lifeboat, or a Fire Engine, or a ship, taken up with their boathouse, or their apparatus, or their business, or something else, to be fetching the drowning people off the wrecks in the bay, or rescuing the victims of the earthquake from the upper stories of their burning houses? And what is true of societies must be true of the individuals composing them. The church will be no better than its individual members, or the corps than its individual soldiers. The saint and the soldier, who is not faithfully, continuously, and self-denyingly engaged in helping Jesus Christ to get His own, are unfaithful to their fellow-men.

And yet, what a crowd there are who will tell you that they have too much other work, too many pressing engagements, or too serious family anxieties, to find time or heart or courage to make the poor people coming by their sides! Oh, comrades, we say over and over again to the slacker, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? But what will he give in exchange?" What shall it profit the professed followers of Jesus Christ, or the Salvationists, or the people supposed to be possessed by the Blood-and-Fire religion, who are too much occupied in gaining the world, or tending to the business of the world, or too much absorbed in the anxieties of the world, to find time, or energy, or money, to save the souls of their husbands, and wives, and children, and parents, and brothers, and sisters, and friends, and neighbors?

"Comrades, rouse ye, ye are raging, God and devils are battles raging! Every ransomed power engaging! Break the tempter's spell. Dare ye still lie fondly dreaming, What in heaven and earth is a-coming While the multitudes are streaming Downward into hell?"

What WILL YOU DO?

So, away with the castle building, and promises of what you hope to do,

intend to do, promise to do in the future, and tell me frankly what you will do to help your Lord.

1. WHAT WILL YOU DO IN THE WAY OF RECOGNITION OF YOUR POSITION AS A SOLDIER OF CHRIST? Look your opportunity and your duty squarely in the face. Regard yourself as a man called not only to be saved from hell and live a holy life, but to fight for your Lord and the rescue of the lost, and accept the work. Put on your uniform if you have not done so; wear some badge which tells heaven and earth that you have the honor to be one of God's fighting host, and say to all else whom it may concern:

"I'm a soldier; should you want me, You will find me in the Salvation Army."

But do it now.

2. WHAT WILL YOU DO BY WAY OF SURRENDER? A soldier's life calls for it. He places himself in the hands of his leaders for liberty, life, and death. When done he is at rest, not done, or only imperfectly done, he is torn with agonizations and conflicts. Yet are a soldier. Have you made the surrender of yourself to God, the guidance of His word, and the direction of your Leader?

Some Salvationists, I am sorry to say, are all their lifetime torn and distracted by controversy, not with Orders and regulations with which they conscientiously disagree, but with rules that command their highest approval. They do the things that they know they ought not to do, and leave undone the things they know and feel they ought to do. Hence there is little moral health or power in them. They are in conflict about wearing uniform, or becoming officers, or of laying their children at the Saviour's feet for that honorable post, or of giving some money that they feel called to the Spirit to offer up, or the doing of something else, because the doing of the same is not according to their liking or their taste. Will you and this miserable holding back from duty by making surrender to-day.

3. WHAT WILL YOU DO BY WAY OF A CLOSER CONSIDERATION OF YOUR WORK? Oh, how men get close up to their earthly tasks and travel round and round them, or turn them inside out, and plan and plan and plan, how they feel crowded and yet them better, or at greater speed, or more acceptable to the producer, or more profitable to the producer. Contrast this with the blind, monotonous, same-old-and-over-again methods by which they do the Lord's business, or what they count to be His concerns.

Comrades, won't you give longer, and fiercer, and more desperate consideration to the business you have to do for your Lord and the souls He has purchased? How can you make efficiently do the work of your office, or your inspection of your corps, or your soldiers, or your Juniors, or your seniors, or your open-airs, or public-house visitors, or anything else for which you are made responsible for by God and man? We want more work done, a great thing we want more seriously still. WE WANT THE WORK THAT IS TO BE DONE TO BE DONE WITH MORE THOUGHT, and then there will be wonderful improvements, and greater and greater results.

4. WHAT WILL YOU DO TO HELP YOUR LORD BY YOUR GREAT EFFORT? You do something to save the souls of the people. I wonder what it is! Do you ever turn it up at the close of the week and say to yourself, "That is my response to the claim that my Lord puts upon me." But, come; is that all you can command? Can you fix the long range of labor your corps opens up to you? Select some other duty for which you can use renewed responsibility. Think. Come, what is there?

Paul plants, Apollos waters, and God gives the increase. But the increase is ever according to the amount of planting and watering done. With more

planting and watering, we shall have greater, grander results. Come along, can you not do something more in the open-air, in selling literature, in the public-houses, among the children, or the barbers platform, with the singing, amongst the bandmen, with personal dealing? Oh, what chances! Oh, what would I not have given could I have had them when I was a plain soldier in the ranks!

Can you not do something more in your own family, or amongst your neighbors or workmates, or in your chamber with your communion with God, or reading the word, and so qualifying yourself for more effective public labor, or doing something in the way of giving your money with greater regularity and generosity; and in addition to all, and over all, and before all, can you do more in the way of desperate faith for the lost, or to win rich outpouring of the Holy Ghost not only on you, but on the Army as a whole?

Will you not refresh the more effectual soldier by helping your Lord—

By doing something you have long had a controversy about doing?

By doing something you have never thought of doing before?

By doing something that the Holy Ghost makes plain you ought to do, and ought to do now?

Short Sermons.

By JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

The Sadness of Sin.

He could never endure another's humankind, but his every strong soul, felt himself bowed down at the same time with any abasement of humankind.

Deathbed Religion.

Of all the hours of a man's life, the last must be the most difficult as regards religion. For when it is the most unfruitful, and no seed can sprout in it which will bear any fruit of action.

Sinner and Saint.

How different are the sufferings of the sinner and those of the saint. The former are an eclipse of the moon, by which the dark night shadows will be blacker and wilder; the latter are a solar eclipse, which cools off the hot day and casts a romantic shade, and wherein the nightingales begin to warble.

Religious Meditation.

I shut myself up to-night; I hear nothing but my sighs; I see nothing, but the night-suns which move across the heavens; I forget the weaknesses and strain of my heart, that I may get the courage to lift up my head as if I were good, as if I dwelt alone in no other nation except those in which individuals die, but nations rise, and in which nations decay, but mankind rises; when mankind itself sinks and falls into ruins, and ends in the scattering of the globe in a dust-cloud. What shall console us?

A veiled eye behind the bounds of time, an infinite heart behind the world. There is a higher order of things than we can demonstrate: that is the Providence in the world's history, and in every one's life, which reason has the boldness to deny, and which the heart has the boldness to believe; there must be a Providence, which, according to other rules than we have hitherto assumed, links the confused earth as daughter-land to a higher city of God; there must be a God, a virtue, and an eternity.

Providence in History.

There were centuries when humanity was led with bandaged eyes, from one prison to another; there were other centuries when spectres rattled and overturned all night long, and in the morning nothing was disturbed; there can be no other instance except those in which individuals die, but nations rise, and in which nations decay, but mankind rises; when mankind itself sinks and falls into ruins, and ends in the scattering of the globe in a dust-cloud. What shall console us?

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The mischief of one bad man touches farther than nine districts.

There is no difference between paupers and grandees without generosity.

Hail to the Major!

Winnipeg's Salvation Warriors Extend a Warm Welcome to their New Chief.

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

Almost every Salvation Army officer and soldier in the city, and many from other Manitoba points, mustered yesterday evening at the barracks to welcome their new commander-in-chief of the Manitoba S. A. forces. The street parade, which left the barracks at 7:30 o'clock, was most unique in conception, and proved a great success as a drawing card to the subsequent meeting in the barracks. The idea intended to be represented by the parade was the cosmopolitan nature of the structure and aims of the Salvation Army. At the head of the parade were four tall, well-dressed gentlemen, with canes and silk hats, representing the upper class of society. About thirty feet behind these walked four men dressed as mechanics; at an equal distance behind these came four "laborers," and at a like distance behind these were four "navy works," who appeared to be very drunk, and their uncertain gait and frequent deviations from the general line of march convinced many in the crowd that lined the streets that they were the real thing.

Next in the procession marched a number of Salvation Army lasses wearing white ashes, who were followed by the Provincial Officer commanding, Major Southall, in the Major's own S. A. brass band. The entire parade was under command of Adj. Kerr. Large crowds and frequent demonstrations of welcome greeted the parade on the streets, and when the meeting opened in the barracks the spacious room was well filled. Across the front of the room stretched the motto, "Welcome to Major Southall and his family." After the customary opening exercises, Captain Cromarty, welcoming Major Southall on behalf of the S. A. and citizens of Selkirk. Adj. Clark followed with an eloquent address, welcoming the new commandant on behalf of the country. The Adj. Clark's remarks were full of the spirit of western progress. He hoped the Major would soon grasp our western ideas, and go into the work on our western "wholesale" system.

Lieut. Gamble sang effectively, "I stood outside the door" after which Adj. C. Kerr spoke, welcoming the Major and his family on behalf of the local corps. Ensign Ottaway, late of Guelph, Ont., who has known Major Southall, and who has known him for many years gave anecdotes of their former work, and expressed his high appreciation and great confidence in the Major as a commander and successful worker in God's cause. Ensign Foy, who spoke last, and followed by a song, which was sung very sweetly by Major Southall's two little daughters. The Major's chief A.D.C., Adj. Cass, spoke briefly in the same strain and read a letter of welcome. Major Southall on rising to reply was greeted by a great outburst of applause. He was feeling far from well, but spoke briefly and effectively, thanking the officers and corps for their hearty welcome and expressing his faith in the energy and faithfulness of the western officers and believed with their assistance and God's blessing that a great work would be done for the Saviour in Manitoba. The Major told the story of his conversion in the Salvation Army and his call to do God's work.

Major Southall is a man of medium height, whose hair is already silvered by the years. He is a man of whom he is just in the prime of life. His words are full of eloquence and his delivery impressive.

Mrs. Southall also spoke briefly. She stated that it had long been her heart's desire to labor for Christ's cause in Winnipeg, and that now she had the desire of her heart. She had a burning desire to see God's Kingdom extended, and asked the prayers of all Christians for the success of their work. Mrs. Southall is a woman with a face and voice of remarkable sweetness, and her words have the faculty of commanding the attention of all within reach of her voice.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General and Staff left for a nine days' tour in Germany. He will conduct ten public meetings in one of the largest halls in Berlin.

Miss Rhodes, sister of Cecil Rhodes, gave Adj. Murray several letters of introduction to South African notables just as the Adjutant was leaving War-erloo Station for the front.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth is announced to hold an important meeting in the Temperance Hall, Derby. His worship the Mayor, Mr. E. P. Ann, will preside, supported by a number of other well known gentlemen.

Among the wounded in the skirmishes which took place in the River-ton Road Station, near Kimberley, were two of our Naval and Military leaders—Private H. Lee, 1st Royal North Lancashire, and Private Morris, 1st Gloucestershire.

The following comrades have returned from the Foreign Field, and are taking British appointments: Mrs. Ensign George Williams, United States; Ensign Herbert Collier, from Canada; and Capt. Hannah Hughes, from British Guiana.

UNITED STATES.

The Commander held an immense meeting in the Auditorium, New York, commissioned 35 Cadets, and announced that the U. S. result amounted to nearly \$38,000. The Commander also paid a visit to Paterson, N. J.

The latest American Cry contains out of Staff-Capt. White and Ensign Josh Jones, late of Canada.

Major Milspa, who has been working among the United States troops in the Philippine Islands for over a year, will be returning to San Francisco. The United States Government is giving him a free passage on board one of their transport ships. The Major has acted as Salvation Army Chaplain to Uncle Sam's soldiery. On many occasions his mission has taken him on actual battleground, and several times he has been in the firing-line.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Adams have just lost a little baby only a few days old. Mrs. Adams has been very low. Will comrades please pray for her.

Adj. and Mrs. Miller leave Boston Social Work and go to Chelsea Corps and Section. Adj. and Mrs. Snider take their place.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

In Norway, Colonel Munn Bhat is still holding meetings. Good results are confidently expected. Recently our comrades in Norway have enjoyed greater privileges for open-air work, of which every advantage is being taken.

Commissioner (Huchten) held an open-air in Student's Park, when fifteen thousand people were present.

In Finland, owing to the failure of the crops, much distress is expected. Lieut.-Colonel Povlsen, is, however, believing for the best.

INDIA AND CEYLON.

In an interesting letter from Colombo, Brigadier Prabhu Das writes: "The people of Talampitaya, being low

caste, have for generations been deprived of the privileges of holding petty village offices, etc., although the villages consist wholly of these people, and high caste people are brought from other parts to fill these positions. This method has entailed great injustice and persecution for the low caste, as is always the case. A large number of these Talampitaya people are our adherents—soldiers and recruits. They represented the matter to us. We advised them to send a petition to the Government Agent. In reply they said that, being low caste, they could not fill these positions; consequently we appealed. The matter was thoroughly gone into, and a reply from the Acting-Governor states that instructions have been given for these people to hold the offices of headmen in their villages. That is a great victory, and the people are delighted."

The latest Indian Cry says: "Rumors and reports have been rife for some time past re the famine, and we have eagerly scanned the Weather Reports, only to be disappointed. We now find so keen an amount of distress in Gujarat and Rajputana that our Headquarters in London have consented to our opening Grain Depots at our various centres of work. Before these lines are in print, some 21 will be organized and working, where grain will be sold at a loss of up to 25% or four annas to the rupee. A small quantity is also weekly given to the extremely needy and starving cases. Thus again the Army has proved its practical love for the people among whom it works."

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg has inspected the French Provinces and conducted antislavery councils of war at Nimes.

One fact among many others. Late of a Priest of New Orleans, having excellent certificates from his Archbishop, came to the Paris Hotelierle Poppulaire. He had attended some meetings in America, but had not understood the truth fully. His soul was in trouble. After a long conversation with the officer in charge of our hotel, his mind became enlightened. A few days after he was kneeling at the penitence form and accepted a full and free salvation.

Staff-Capt. Dessaulles conducted a meeting in a four store-room at Nurendorf. 12 souls found pardon and peace at the foot of the Cross.

At Liestal, where so many officers were put in jail a few years ago, Ensign de Tavel conducted a big open-air meeting on one of the principal squares of the city. It is a powerful sign that our work is appreciated every where.

In German-Switzerland the town of Soleure has been opened.

Another hall has been taken in Paris, close to the Exhibition Buildings. Here we purpose holding salvation meetings for the benefit of the thousands who will be visiting the city during those months.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

The Social branch of our work in Brussels is being pushed. Great things are expected from it during the coming winter season.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn and the Marchale are more and more encouraged in their work. They expect to have a glorious winter campaign.

The Harvest Festival has been a success in every corps.

Commissioner Booth-Clibborn, the Marchale and Colonel Comandey have conducted powerful and blessed officers' councils in Amsterdam, during which ten Candidates were publicly enrolled under our beloved Flag.

ITALY.

The Harvest Festival was such a success that in some of the corps the barracks was not large enough to contain the crowds that wished to attend the proceedings.

At Fasslotti the success was due 1 great part to the Juniors who earnestly worked with their hands several weeks in advance to contribute their part to the Festival.

There was this year an advance of 233.75 lire on the total income of last year.

Another cause of joy for the Italian was that every corps reported to Headquarters that the Harvest Festival had been attended with great spiritual blessing.

Brigadier Clibborn, of Italy, has secured a hall in Pisa for a town of 30,000 inhabitants between Florence and Leghorn.

ICELAND.

"The Travellers' Home in Reykjavik has proved a great blessing and a help

Farewell of the South African Contingent.

A CONTINGENT OF NURSES TO FOLLOW

(From the English Cry.)

On Thursday night the comrades who have volunteered to go to South Africa to minister to the mater and spiritual needs of the sick and wounded of both British and Boers, farewell in a crowded meeting at the Congress Hall. The meeting was characterized by its enthusiasm. There was a large attendance of Headquarters' folk. The Zulus, too, who distinguished themselves so nobly at the Exhibition, bade farewell to their white brothers, whether with tears or it is impossible to say, for translucent pearls would hardly have been discernible on their dusky skins!

Commissioner Ridsdell, whom the officers and soldiers cordially welcomed, avowed his love for

All Races and Colors,

and expressed his disappointment at being unable to see the end of the struggle in South Africa. He would like to have been at the front. He would like to have ministered to the spiritual and temporal needs of both armies, but he had no choice in the matter, and, therefore, had returned to England, and after all he was not sorry to be back in the Old Country again!

Commissioner Combs wished the party God-speed on behalf of the British Field.

After the Zulus had finished a song in their native tongue with some semblance of a part-up dance striving for freedom, the South African Contingent stepped forward amidst cheers, which were redoubled when Commissioner Howard announced the promotion of Ensign Murray to the rank of Adjutant.

She said that she was a Salvationist, and although it came as a great surprise to her when she was asked to go to South Africa, she never thought for one instance of refusing to go.

"I feel my responsibility," she said; "I feel glad, also, as I look at the ranks of the officers—many of whom I know—who have fallen in the service of their country, that I have some share in the great and

Far More Important Warfare

against sin. I go with a desire to be of some service to my fellow-men.

"I ask you to pray for us as we take

to the poor and needy. From the 1st of May, 1898, to the 1st of May, 1899, 3,509 beds have been supplied, and 2,819 meals served.

The officers teach school, besides their other duties, and in that way get hold of the children, and the help and sympathy of the parents as well.

Staff-Capt. Boljeen, who is in charge of the work, has just been on a tour to Ladford, a little town on the west coast of the Island. He held several successful meetings on board ship, got over seventy new subscribers to the War Cry, sold 530 copies, and had a wonderful time spiritually.

Hotel-keepers proved to be very kind to the Staff-Captain on his tour west, lending their rooms for meetings, etc., something that has never been done before.

Open-air meetings are well attended, the Army being the first to preach in the open-air in this country.

On a Sunday night recently, people of five different nationalities were each singing salvation songs in their own language in perfect harmony.

BARBADOES.

Adj. Leib, formerly J. S. Secretary for the Wales Province, has been appointed to succeed Staff-Capt. Widgey in leading our colored troops in Barbadoes. The Adjutant got for marching orders in little over a week. He sailed from Southampton on Nov. 1st.

words of cheer and comfort to the soldiers out there."

The Adjutant propounded a most practical suggestion. She invited those in the meeting who had sons or friends in South Africa to give her their names and that of their regiment in order that she might take them a message from friends in Old England.

Capt. Ashman, whose parents were also on the platform, was greeted with enthusiasm. He gave his name and to the result of the expedition; not only would they attend to the soldiers of both forces in Africa, but they would return with an increased list of Leaguers.

Lieuts. Warriker and Haines spoke briefly, and expressed pleasure at the privilege of going to Africa to fight for God, and asked for the prayers of their comrades.

"The Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth," said Commissioner Howard, "have decided to send out a further contingent to tend the sick and wounded, namely, Mrs. Booth's trained nurses, who will start as soon as possible for the front." (Volleys.)

Amidst further cheering, the Zulu party came forward in charge of Ensign Bradley, whom Commissioner Howard promoted to the rank of Adjutant. Of course this meant a speech from the newly-made Adjutant.

"Well, friends," said the Adjutant, "I certainly have not done anything more than my duty—first to God, then to the General, to the Salvation Army, and to these beloved friends of mine, and to these fellow friends of mine. "I should like to tell you that these Zulus are four Blood-and-Fire warriors who have been saved and brought over with Salvation Army money—brought over, I may say, under the best of conditions, the Natal Government having modified the regulation in our case in order that we might the more easily obtain passes for their wives." (Applause.) The Adjutant added that although he was fond of England, yet he thought there was no place like Africa.

Then came testimonies from the four Zulus, who could not fail to impress the public as they were interpreted. The simplicity and pointedness of them were quite out of the usual.

Then came the inseparable and always acceptable war-dance to "No, we never, never will give in."

The meeting concluded with a dedication of our comrades, and Commissioner Dowd prayed that God's blessing might rest on them and their work.

MAN'S WORK.

Lessons from the Life of Catherine Booth.

By REV. W. R. ROACHE.

LESSON II.—(Continued.)

Think of the little child dying in its fetid room, the reeling drunkard staggering to his bed of straw, ruined womanhood crying for vengeance, pale hunger dying in silence, discontent plotting the downfall of society, bold blasphemy drowning the plea of timid prayer; still the darkness lengthens its deadly shadows, and still the pit widens into the gloomier abyss, and in the face of death which is their own eloquence, I venture to contend that the only force equal to the overwhelming occasion is a sanctified heart, a love like Christ's own, a compassion large and melting as the pity of God. If it is love alone only that will lift depraved humanity up to God and heaven. Have we got this love? Have we got it as officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army? We grant that we may have a gift of this love, this lambent flame of love. We must first ask for it. The old idea of the ancients was that fire was stolen from heaven, but whether fire was stolen from heaven or not, God to give you *fire*, it is love that saves you, and it is this divine love that will help you to save others.

"This love that makes our cheerful feet In swift obedience move."

"A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Not one of us, not the very feeblest and poorest of us, but may by the power of kindness and love, win many from sadness to joy, from a life of guilt to a life of holiness, from a life lived without Christ to a life lived in Christ and for Christ. Love for fallen humanity is what we owe to Christ and the world. John Howard felt this, and the world's greatest name, William Wilberforce felt this, and a million slaves were freed. John Wesley felt this, and he set England all ablaze. D. L. Moody felt this, and tens of thousands of precious souls were won to the Saviour. Charles C. Finney felt this, and he preached the Gospel of love and multitudes became converted to Christ. C. H. Spurgeon felt this, and preached it to perishing sinners and thousands rejoiced in a new-born love. Elizabeth Fry felt this, and many dungeons echoed with prayer, and song, and praise. Francis Willard felt this, and became the great apostle of the C. C. and I. M. W. M. slave-saver, but being dead yet speaketh. Catherine Booth felt this, and the Salvation Army has become a world-wide and soul-saving organization. Eva Booth felt this, and she saved heretofore lost, blind, dumb, and rescue, and Salvation Army work. Paul, and Peter, and John felt this, and they were constrained by love to make known the love of Christ to a perishing world. And when we move on to God's hidden ones, have felt this, and nights of misery have been turned into days of rejoicing. Inspired with this love that save a brother in the poorest, and a friend in the degraded, and a foreigner in the outcast, let us do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. Do this, and in doing it follow the beautiful example of Catherine Booth, who spent her life in doing good to the bodies and souls of men. Monumental marbles may never record your name; no halo of warrior's fame may gladden your memory; no throne for history's pen may your gentle life be remembered; but men and women and little children shall shed honest tears over your grave. The poor, whom you have befriended, will often recall your form and your voice, and with its gentle words, think of your goodness to them; and, although no stone may mark your resting-place, in a book whose letters are stars and whose pages are heaven, shall your record of your good deeds be engraved. There, too, shall be your reward. It is love that we so much need above every other qualification as teachers, officers, ministers, missionaries, Salvation Army, and Christian Endeavorers, to save the world. Love is the one supreme qualification for all Christian toilers. Without this we can do nothing. Another

word and I close this lesson. If the voice of conscience pleading within you prompts to more love and of heart, generous, loving, and affectionate, then I have not spoken in vain; and if some sleeping virtue is awakened, or some drowsy energy uproused, if the picture so feebly painted has found a little sunlit corner in the gallery of your heart, then your time has not been wasted, and my purpose has been accomplished. Catherine Booth was pre-eminently the apostle of love. She imbued much of the Spirit of Christ, which counted more than all other excellencies she possessed in contributing to her wonderful career of usefulness, and the more we imbibe of the Spirit of Christ the more happy and more useful we shall be.

LESSON III.

Bad Literature Denounced.

III.—THE THIRD LESSON that we learn from the life of this much distinguished woman is, we should not waste our time, nor corrupt our hearts, nor poison our souls, nor dwarf our minds, nor sin against God by reading books and literature that have been written by impure men and women and sent forth from the devil's printing presses, to poison and corrupt and destroy the moral life and character of our young people, and thus ruin the young men and women of this and every other land. For novels and works of fiction in particular Mrs. Booth had an intense hatred. To read them seemed to her to be contrary to the profession of Christianity and

fraught with evil consequences. "I have every reason to be glad," she tells us at the end of her long career of usefulness, "that I never read a single novel in my younger days," and she carefully took pains to prevent them from her children. Many of the troubles, she said, which afflict and divide families have their origin in works of fiction. Not only are false and unnatural views of men and women and life in general aroused, but sentiments are created in the minds of the young people, which produce a discontent with their surroundings, impatience of parental restraint, and premature forcing of the social instincts, and creating impure desires such as must cause untold harm. Not only so, but they lead to the formation of relationships and companionships that cannot be but in *juvenile*, which the young people, when serious and vain ambitions destined never to be fulfilled. It is the duty of woman to defend the purity of literature, and Mrs. Booth did this in the pulpit, on the platform, in the home, in conversation, by her pen, and through the press. She denounced all books and impure literature in the strongest possible language, and commended the reading of the very best books. It is to be regretted that she wrote the nastiest novels to-day, and it is true that it is women who read the nastiest novels that are in circulation. It is an awful accusation, and yet, the fact is, that the books that never should have been written or printed, and tens of thousands of our young people are polluting their minds, and poisoning their morals, and debasing their tastes, and supplanting their spiritual life, and lessening their usefulness, and destroying souls by reading fiction and filthy literature. On enquiry at one of our public libraries the other day, I was informed that some of the latest and most evil suggestive novels are asked for by—well, I do not like to use the word, but I suppose I must—ladies.

(To be continued.)

→ SACRIFICE FORGOTTEN ←

By ENSIGN PERRY.

How many a record of heroic deeds and loving sacrifice have yet remained unpened and of which the world has not been adequately told, that only the inhabitants of heaven know of, and though not written on the pages of earth's history, are recorded in the skies. There are varied circles within which people live. Some are only known to their own families and a few acquaintances. Others are known in the town and county only in which they live, while some who are in the world's people, and in a broader sphere of usefulness are known to the world. Heroism brings its author before the world's gaze as very few other agencies do. The world is ever ready to applaud a heroic deed when it becomes public. The papers publish comments of eulogy, and, for a time at least, a hero or heroine's name is upon every tongue. There are those who have this kind of fame, and their deeds are carried by the plaudits of a sympathizing and flattering world to the highest pinnacle of honor in the ranks of heroes. There are other heroes who are recognized as such by their families and acquaintances, but whose deeds have not been chronicled or made public: even the memory of them is held sacred by loved ones. The exemplar, as their friends rightly believe, the true character of a hero, if not receiving a hero's honor. Then there are martyrs, who have laid down their lives for some cause dearer than life itself, and whose record of such deaths has been, and always will be, an inspiration to the world. Men and women, youths and maidens who have closed their eyes to scenes of life and the jeers of a blood-thirsty multitude, and have said, "I bid farewell to the world with few about them. Perhaps no one near to take down the last message, speak a word of solace, or administer any restorative to the weary and weary will of God, and passed on to receive a martyr's reward. Again, there are those who, though not looked upon by the world in the

strict sense as martyrs, heroes, or heroines, yet who have, in the fulfilment of some act of love or self-denial, been called upon to sacrifice their lives. Such acts have been recognized in heaven, and the reward cannot be forgotten. Such deeds, when brought to light on earth, must touch the sympathy of those who are filled with love. Among the names of those who have thus suffered, though not strictly classed by the world as heroes and martyrs, stands out with its due prominence the name of Mrs. Rammage, Assisphobia, N. Y. The Salvation Army had been announced to open fire upon Moosomin, and Mrs. Rammage, then living twenty miles from this place, but having been a soldier in Montreal at the time of the S. A. riots there, felt she would like to come in and welcome the officers who were to attack the town. Her home in Montreal had been a shelter to the officers of the past, and now, if she could not take the officers to her home, she could at least take them to her heart, and thus drove the twenty miles to show them this. They did not arrive the day she expected, so she stayed in town for several days awaiting them. Through some cause not known to the writer, the officers did not arrive, and Mrs. Rammage, feeling that home duties demanded her return, started back. She expressed while in town her anxiety for the souls of the people and would very much have liked to have helped in the first attack of the Army against sin. However, this could not be. She decided to take a winter journey that winter's day with a neighbor in a wagon, there not being much snow. It was storming when they left, but quite mild. In the afternoon, however, it turned cold, and so to add to this discomfort they lost their way on the prairie. They were now in a sad dilemma. Only those who have been similarly distressed can really understand how they felt. After driving on they realized it was useless, their horses also being tired, they were unhitched. Then both Mrs. Rammage

and the neighbor thought they would walk. They did so until the poor woman could go no further. She begged the man to go on and leave her, which, after some persuasion, he did. Finally, after a long and weary walk, soon. After wandering for seven days, he reached a house, much to his joy, Poor man! He was very badly frozen and had to lose his feet and nose. Truly a suffering soul can call forth the sympathy of the heart. What about Mrs. Rammage? Poor woman! She had perished in the cold! In that desolate region, with no human friend near to render aid, she took up her light, while her body was frozen on the ground. Was it not a sight that would call forth an angel's pity? The writer does not know the last words she spoke to the man before he left her, nor does anyone on earth know her last thoughts. Probably they were upon loved ones at home, for she had left a husband and children there, and also upon God and the angels. You better believe that angels might have passed through her mind before the stupor of freezing possessed her. She knew, however, that death, though under such sad circumstances, only meant to her spiritual growth, and that of her loved ones, hunger and cold never come and where death is not known. It was about three weeks before her body was found, and then some forty miles from Moosomin, their starting place. She had requested her husband sometime before that when she died to have her buried by the Army. This request was complied with, and her body lies at rest with the memory of her noble action will ever live in the loved ones. They could not forget that act of love that cost her her life. Many there are who knew her not on earth, but who are anxious to grasp her hand in the better world. There are people, however, who have heard and read of others being called to suffer through similar expressions of love, and though at the time their hearts seem to be torn, they soon forget such incidents. Why? It is because not knowing personally the one called to suffer, they do not retain the record of that suffering in their memory. They simply express their sympathy, and then forget the way. Oh, how quick the human is to forget deeds that are actuated by the Divine!

Reader, will you allow this record of a Christian woman's sad death to remind you of another? Will you allow your mind to go back to the scene of that sacrificial death on Calvary's height—the death of none other than the Son of God? The Bible says, "He died for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Oh, how many people forget the death of His Son. Perhaps it has been the case with you. In the mad rush for the things of the world you have forgotten the sacrifice of Jesus Christ to purchase our salvation and freedom for every slave of sin. You have forgotten the love that prompted the sacrifice, the agony endured, and the blessing brought to the world by it. Will you now deny yourself that sacrifice? Will you now deny the love and time and worldliness for a while, and look at that scene of supreme self-denial. That expression of unmeasured love, that death, meant so much sacrifice. Allow it to call forth your love and service to God and man, that Christianity cannot be embraced without self-denial and cross bearing. Jesus says, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." Matt. xvi. 24. The sacrifice of Calvary, completed as it was through suffering, opened up to man a way to God. Will you deny yourself that sacrifice? Will you deny that sacrifice? If so, there will be continuing sorrow, for you are avenues of usefulness, of which possibly you have never dreamed. Don't forget that true sacrifice often involves suffering of a keen nature, but we have returned to our suffer, we shall also reign with Him." II. Tim. ii. 12. Let us this Self-Denial Week keep before us a view of Calvary, that we may be inspired to greater and more practical service. To forget Calvary's sacrifice means to lose that inspiration, yea, to lose sight of our only hope, for only through the remembrance of Christ's sacrifice and the imputation of His life, and we become holy, and able to resist to Him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father in His throne. Rev. iii. 21. Let us remember, then, that the sacrifice of Calvary's love means to perish, to embrace it means a life of power and usefulness.

Weekly Watchword:

"Thou Remainest."

"Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
From the spectral mists and driving
clouds,
From the shifting shadows and phan-
tom crowds,
From laurel words and unreal lives,
Where truth and falsehood feebly
strives,
From the passings away, the chance
and change,
Flickering, vanishing, swift and
strange,
I turn to my glorious rest on Thee,
Who art the grand Reality."

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

In the Age of Ignorance.—Job xxxvi.
22.

There is no teacher like our Heavenly Father. He knows the capacity of every pupil, their natural blindances and stupidities. He has infinite patience with each, and while He rejoices to see a quick acceptance of His truth, is willing to repeat the same lesson many times over that it may be grasped by the knowledge of the heart. There are no perforce ignorant people in the Christian world when God has made such ample means for the enlightenment of their spiritual understanding.

MONDAY.

In the Time of Danger.—Isa. li. 16.

Fear in danger is, after all, though natural to the human heart, very unnecessary in one who professes to have allied himself to the greatest power in Heaven and earth. God's protection is round and about His people in all spiritual and temporal peril—only when they needlessly run into danger or temptation do they take themselves from beneath it. There are no perforce defenceless people in the Christian world when God has put all the armies of righteousness at their disposal.

TUESDAY.

In the Hour of Difficulty.—Ps. xxi.
15.

Perplexing junctions are constantly occurring in the life of every man. Conflicting ways are continually causing questions in their minds. But it is the man who trusts his all to the will of Providence there is a light upon every difficulty, a guidance for every perplexity. He who sees the end from the beginning, and has such tender consideration for our welfare, will not leave us without the right instinct to choose. There are no perforce puzzled people in the Christian world, when God has given His Holy Spirit to illumine their perplexity.

WEDNESDAY.

In the Day of Sorrow.—Is. xliii. 2.

This world is full of grief—its shadows fall upon just and unjust, no age or circumstance is exempt from them. But the righteous have a store of infinite consolation in the compassion of Calvary's Jesus, who has promised that through the stormiest waters of affliction and sorrow He will be His children's sufficiency. There are no perforce comfortless people in the Christian world, when God has assured such consolation.

THURSDAY.

In the Event of Persecution.—Deut.
xxiii. 5.

Persecution in some form or other is the inevitable lot of consistent faith. But there are countless instances to prove that God will never allow the blame of the world to damage the influence or discredit the soul of the faithful. Many a curse which the world has hurled at some saint's integrity has been the blessing which declared its genuine goodness and grace. There are no perforce crushed spirits in the Kingdom of God, for has not He promised to make the very persecutions of His people the pavement of perpetual influence?

FRIDAY.

In the Moment of Death.—I. Cor. xv.
55-57.

No two lives are alike. In their differences there are circumstances in which some men have opportunity to prove Christ's all-sufficient aid which

may never come to others. But in one hour alike all want to prove the sweets of His sustaining grace, and that is the hour of death. There need be no shrinking nor sinking at the crossing of life's Jordan, when Christ, who waded Himself its coldest depths, has promised to take away its sting and forfeit its victory.

SATURDAY.

When All Time is Past.—Matt. xxv.
21.

How many are the gifts and sweets of this life which are only spoils by the thought that they are transient. But over the pure bliss of the knowledge of God there is no such shadow. The passing of earth's day cannot dim its radiance or detract from its joys. The sufficiency of God which we have proved on earth, the unchangeableness of His love and power which has been our rock, our strength, our comfort here, will be but fully known when we stand in the eternal sunshine of His children's heavenly home.

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON.

THE UNBELIEVING DISCIPLES.

John xx. 24-51.

One aspect of God's Word is like a wonderful mirror in which are reflected every type of virtue or vice which characterizes the human heart. This provision is the means of rich instruction to man in that most profitable of all studies, viz., the knowledge of himself, for the soul always gets the best view of its own possibilities or deficiencies when it looks upon them as manifested in somebody else.

Such a gallery of human nature would have been incomplete without the doubter seeing that there are so many perpetuations of his memory in the heart of the world to-day.

Thomas was one of the twelve. The small, but sincere, body-guard of disciples which surrounded our Saviour while upon earth was not without a reminder of the spirit of unbelief, and the same has crept into every community since that day.

Thomas was an honest man, which is a great deal more than can be said for many designated by the same

doubter. Too many people's scepticism is based on the quibbles of other minds, they take the shade of their religious opinions from the color of stronger mind's thoughts—if the latter lead up, they are full of faith, if they lead down, they are soon bordering on despair. Such people are not sincerely puzzled in their own hearts, and until they take the trouble to convince their own minds as to what they do or do not believe, God will not assist the removal of a veil they have drawn over their own eyes. But it was not so with Thomas. His doubts were all his own, and caused him too much grief to be of his wilful cherishing. He loved his Master as much as any of his fellows, but the chain of an incredulous and perhaps somewhat gloomy disposition, held him captive. When told of the Resurrection, his weak faith staggered at so great a wonder. He could not believe, and although we cannot but deplore the blindness which caused Thomas to disbelieve the Saviour's risen life, yet we must respect the honesty which refused to profess a faith which he did not own.

Christ came to his aid, as Christ always does to the man who with his whole heart longs to burst the fetters which his constrained mind has forged. The very proof that Thomas had asked for, the evidences of the suffering death upon the revived body of his Lord were vouchsafed to him. Could God have condescended more to satisfy the bound soul of His doubting follower, or more conclusively prove to His later disciples how willing and ready He is to assist struggling faith. A man who sincerely wishes to find the light will not be yet long to grope in the dark.

The result was a beautiful and natural one. How could Thomas stand out against such undeniable evidence? His whole soul rose in support of the Saviour's sign, and out of the mouth of lidaceous doubt the first accents of returning faith gave forth one of the most convincing declarations of the trust and worship yet uttered, when the disciple said, "My Lord and my God." Oh, doubting heart, give to the winds thy fears. Let the love of Calvary convince thy halting credulity, and by the utterance of thy too long doubt-imprisoned tongue shall come avowals of God's power and presence which shall persuade the hearts of others once held by the same thrall.



"PEACE BE UNTO YOU."

"Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in their midst, and said unto them, Peace be unto you."—John xx. 19.



The Enthusiastic East.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Field Commissioner has frequently visited St. John, and other parts of the Eastern Province, the very interest which that portion of the Territory has taken on these occasions has not only been fully sustained, but even increased, as shown by the reports of Major Pickering. From it we learn that every building in which Miss Booth spoke was simply gorged with eager crowds and uncounted numbers were turned away. Halifax, St. John, Fredericton and Woodstock were visited, and the spiritual results, as far as definite, visible action can be counted, totals to 150 souls, which sought and professed to have found salvation or purity. The financing of a series of huge meetings always presents a problem of some anxiety to the Provincial Officer in the case, but the Commissioner's meetings generally encounter no difficulty in making ends meet. So on this recent tour the total collections amounted to between four and five hundred dollars. Major Pickering and his staff worked like Trojans to make the tour the unquestionable success it has proved.

The General's Campaign.

Our grand old General keeps every body in a state of astonishment and admiration. He is forever on the hunt for souls and occupied with the improving of his troops. His recent tours in England and Scotland were red-hot battles with exceedingly great visible results, not to speak of the unknown effects which are beyond estimation. Our venerable leader is indeed a General that leads by practical example, and like the British officers in the present war, refuses to take cover and spare himself.

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs Visit Newmarket.

The energetic Chief Secretary and his life-companion had Newmarket a visit and conducted special meetings there on Saturday and Sunday.

According to word received from a friend present at these meetings, the Colonel, who is well known as an adept at S. A. meetings, was endued with spiritual power and created a decided impression upon his hearers.

Deep conviction was a feature of every meeting, and, although only one soul acted in accordance with the teaching of his conscience by publicly kneeling at the Army's penitent form, yet the decided influence which these meetings produced will be felt in future conversions.

Newmarket cordially invites the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Jacobs to soon again.

The Territorial Secretary at Rossland, B.C.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts and Staff-Capt. Gage were here on 4th and 5th Nov., and we had a most blessed time. Unfortunately, Saturday was wet, and at night very disagreeable, so our crowds were below our expectation; but the Colonel gave a very address, brimful of humor and point, inspiring the soldiers and Christians present, and we feel confident that many others were impressed.

7 a.m. Sunday morning saw the large

MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S VISIT TO HALIFAX.

By MAJOR PICKERING.

THE news of the Commissioner's visit to Halifax aroused great enthusiasm and interest in the city. The soldiers shouted with joy, the stores displayed the photo cards and bills announcing it, the street cars swung along bearing the tidings, the press heralded it, all anxious say, "Welcome, beloved Commissioner."



ADJT. McLEAN,
Officer in Charge of Halifax District and Corps.

The Commissioner arrived at the I. C. R. Depot 10:30 Saturday night, and was met by the shouts of welcome of a number of officers and soldiers assembled. My impressions of the whole thing were varied.

First, the Crowds.

"Twice gorged" only poorly describes the building; people were packed in every conceivable nook and corner, aisles, stairs, and window sills were blocked, and they were sitting upon the rails of the galleries, while hundreds were turned away from the doors disappointed. One prominent Colonel in Her Majesty's forces, who attended his first S. A. meeting on this afternoon, had to stand all the time, hurried home to dinner expecting to be back early to secure a seat, but, on his return, he found at that early hour the huge building was crowded, and he had to stand again. The old Janitor told that the Sunday night crowd especially was the biggest ever known to be in the Academy.

Fine Building

The Academy of Music, used for the Commissioner's meetings, is the largest building in the city, and it is supposed to seat 1,200 people, but nearly 2,000 describes its condition. The scenery was simply grand, and had we re-

est muster of troops on Rossland's S. A. record, and if faces and voices indicate the feeling of the hearts, then I have no hesitation in putting it on record that they were blessed and cheered. Few cases of blanket fever were reported.

11 a.m. holiness meeting was beautiful. The Colonel's talk was straight, and it hit, and two sought for the whole armor for service. At this meeting Staff-Capt. Gage made a good point by a most graphic description of a storm at sea, with a "get there" moral.

The afternoon and night meetings were heart-searching times, especially at night, when the hall was crowded. Many showed conviction on their faces, some acknowledged their need, but only one "rose and came to his eternal joy." A few of the comrades who have heard the Colonel in the east, say that his singing and speaking has left all his former efforts far behind, and all express the cheer and blessing the Colonel's meetings have been.

Colonel Margetts will get a hearty welcome, when he comes again, from Rossland's people and soldiers.—A. C. for Capt. Haas.

quested the managers to get some scenery does especially for our meetings it could not have more accurately and faithfully represented the various phases of the Commissioner's address.

The building is lighted throughout with electricity, and when the lights were turned on at night and the Commissioner stepped upon the platform, it required no stretch of imagination to realize we were walking in the grandest and most lovely scenery of the oriental countries.

Representative Audiences.

What a mixture of all kinds and classes were present—ministers representing nearly every church in the city, officers of Her Majesty's naval and military forces, doctors, merchants, store-keepers, sailors and soldiers, the fashionable lady, the hard-working charwoman, the poor unfortunate all mingling together, standing or sitting, but all craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the slim striking figure that poured forth like lava streams the burning truths upon the hearts and consciences of her hearers. How they listened! Except two mothers with irritable babies, none moved out of that vast assemblage until the close of the address.

Masterful Address.

The Commissioner's ability in taking hold of huge audiences is proverbial. "The Song of the City" was the topic in the afternoon. How the crowd drank it in, as sin's pleasures and their hollow mockery and disenchanting disappointment were laid bare. The address must be heard to be appreciated, as pen and ink is altogether unable to report the throb of sympathy and enthusiasm that characterizes the Commissioner's utterances.

An appeal for consecration was responded to by scores of tearful, longing souls.

The night meeting beggars attempts at description. Our beloved leader, although feeling weary, returned to the conflict with renewed vigor. The tightly-wedged mass in the Academy sat or stood breathless for ninety minutes, as the Commissioner talked on "Love's Sunset."

BRIGADIER GASKIN, Some H. Q. Officers and the Ibbotson Family at Dovercourt.

Sunday and Monday, Nov. 12th and 13th, must have been looked forward to with much expectation by the people of Dovercourt, if we are to judge by the numbers who turned out to these meetings.

The specials were only announced for the Sunday afternoon and night, but much to the pleasure of the comrades and friends, Major Turner and Staff-Captain Manton surprised us in the morning. Staff-Captain Manton knows how to put his heart in his songs.

Everybody desired to have more of the character of Stephen, after Major Turner's talk on this first Christian martyr.

In the afternoon the Ibbotson Family were a great attraction in the pen. In spite of the piercing cold wind, the little ones played several places beautifully.

At the inside meeting we had not seen the barracks so well filled for a long time. Everybody enjoyed the



MAJOR PICKERING,
Provincial Officer, Eastern Province.

The lighted hall, the listening crowd seemed to pass away—we were in the garden inhaling the aroma of its lovely flowers, listening to the notes of the warbling birds, the music of the silvery stream whose splashing spray cast myriads of pearl tipped drops around our feet. We beheld the scenes depicted by the Commissioner, a powerful eloquence and followed her through all the phases of Love crowned, rejected, robbed, and restored. The subject, "Love's Sunset," suggests tremendous possibilities, but the mastery with which our beloved leader applies it to the conviction and conversion of souls cannot be surpassed.

Hearts are cut to the quick and sudden consciences write conviction on unnumbered countenances.

A deep gloom sets over this awful scene. Is there none to help? Must humanity's race groan for ever under the curse of "Love's Depredation"? No! Ten thousand times, No! The compassionate heart of nature's God provides a ransom, the rising rays of Calvary's Cross, the Crimson River, the pitying Christ, the Resurrection Morn proclaim "Love's Restoration."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy risen side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure."

Rises sweetly on the air as the Commissioner closes. Tears are flowing fast and as we sing that beautiful song, "Just as I am," sinners make their way to the Cross.

Results.—Thirteen sought mercy, and at 11 p.m. closed the most marvelous meeting ever held in Halifax.

music from the children, and also Headquarters' String Band. Captain Arnold gave one of his choice violin solos. Staff-Capt. Stanbury read the Scripture, and the Brigadier appealed to the people.

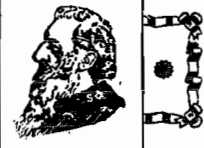
In the evening the building was filled again. Some seats had to be taken from the platform to accommodate the people. Some earnest entreaties and songs of invitation and appeal to the sinners were given by a number of officers, but no one surrendered.

The same comrades cheerfully gave us a musical treat on Monday evening. The Ibbotson family were reinforced by their baby drummer, who is about two years old, and is a marvel in correctness of time on the big drum, and brought down the house again and again. Altogether, everybody had a most enjoyable and profitable time, and would be delighted to have a repetition of these meetings.

Drinking baffles us, confounds us, shames us, and mocks us at every point. It outwits alike the teacher, the man of business, the patriot, and the legislator.—The Times.

My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.



Friday, October 20th.

Morley, a town of twenty-one thousand people, twelve miles from Leeds, comes next. This is rather a small town. "On, on, and still on," the motto with which I commenced the year, is still my rule. Thank God, my cold is better. It leaves me reluctant, but hard work helps to throw it off—in the perspiration which follows night after night, if in nothing else. Nevertheless, this is not good weather for colds. Among other foes with whom we have to do battle each morning this week, and most of the evenings as well, have been the fogs.

MORLEY.

Returning to Morley, I would like to remark that I first became interested in this town through the acquaintance of a godly man whom I met in London about fifty years ago. He was a native of Morley, and had come to the great city on a business adventure. I spent many an hour with him singing and praying, and talking over the affairs of the Kingdom of God.

Among other things by which he has been remembered is the song, the words and tune of which he taught me:

"How tasteless and tedious the hours."

I have sung that song in many a thousand hours of sadness and gladness since that time, and from my lips it has gone all round the world. The music and words will be found on the last page of the War Cry.

However, I have never been in Morley before, and not the most favorable day of the week, nor the most congenial weather—a dense fog darkening the town and country round—we had the beautiful Town Hall, built erected at a cost of \$33,000, nearly full in the afternoon, and packed out with hundreds turned away, at night. The crowd gave me the heartiest welcome. I tried to deal faithfully with them in return, and, best of all, forty-one knelt at my Master's feet.

BRADFORD.

Saturday, 21st.

Although most comfortably billeted. I must away. Here, indeed, I have no abiding city. This time it is Bradford once more.

As at Sheffield and elsewhere, wherever there have been opportunities on this campaign, I have preceded the public meeting with a private one for the Local Officers. Although the time allowed for these gatherings has been brief, they have been useful, giving me at least the chance of telling the Local Officer how highly I esteem his position and work, and how much I am relying on his co-operation in the immediate battle of the night and in the sight of the future.

The Junior barracks was simply thronged with Locals, many squeezing themselves in for a hearing near the doors and windows. Unfortunately, the lateness of the train cut my "turn" down still further, but I was able to give expression to some of my heart's feelings, and my sympathetic heart looked and shouted back their responses of love and loyalty.

The same which met me on my entrance baffles description, and so I won't attempt it; I will only remark that it impressed me very deeply, and the chief thought, or feeling, or whatever it may be called, that entered my soul was: "WHAT WOULD NOT THESE FIFTY THOUSAND HUNDRED ABLE-BODIED MEN AND WOMEN ACCOMPLISH FOR JESUS CHRIST AND THE COUNTY OF YORKSHIRE, IF THEY WERE ALL DOING THEIR DUTY AS GOOD SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY?"

I confess to being a little jealous of the danger existing in these parts, of some of my dear soldiers being led into a kind of religion which, while making them delightfully contented with themselves and things around them, leaves them without any great anxiety concerning the claims of

the Saviour and the needs of a perishing world.

Well, on this Saturday night we began at a high level of happiness, passed on to plain dealing, and finished up solemn enough with SEVENTY-SIX AT THE PENITENT FORM—many of them backsliders, some of long standing.

Sunday, 22nd.

Although one of considerable conflict, this has been a blessed day. But conflict can be said to be the characteristic of all my blessed days. I always have to fight, and to fight desperately, too, for all I win, either for my Master, for myself, or for others. I know little in my experience of going on to victory on the "Promenade March principle."

The triumph I have been able to achieve—and gratitude compels me to acknowledge that they have been both many and great—have had to be fought for, and that every inch of the way.

The Battle of Bradford, fought on the day in question, was no exception to this rule.

St. George's Hall is, I fancy, the largest hall that is at all adapted for public speaking in the kingdom, with the exception of Albert Hall, London, and, perhaps, the St. James's Hall, Manchester. Anyway it was an imposing sight on Sunday afternoon and evening. The fog was one of the dimmest of the day. There was no keeping it out of the building, and it made speaking awkward; still, I fought my way through.

That a powerful impression was made upon the crowd is proved by 135 presenting themselves at the Mercy Seat—110 being outsiders, who promised

at once to become Soldiers of the Army.

GOOD TIDINGS.

My heart has been greatly cheered by the news that the success of last week's meetings are proving their reality. Here is a letter to hand from Major Baugh, Sheffield:

"October 20th, 1899.

"My Dear General—Just a line to say that the tide is still coming in at Sheffield. The converts are attending the meetings and testifying. Thirteen of Sunday's cases were on the platform last night. Five more good cases came out for salvation, most of them being volunteers. An envoy from the Stum Corps told us how she got helped in her own soul during your meetings at Sheffield, and that they were having glorious times at their barracks, and have had eight souls since Sunday.

"In writing out the names of the converts, and getting them into the hands of the officers, we find that eleven corps have a share in the cases of Saturday and Sunday, and also two places where there are no corps near."

SHIPLEY.

Monday, 23rd.

We had not far to journey this time Shipley being almost part of Bradford. The meetings, however, were held in Salsaire, a little further away still. But it is all Bradford, and will be known as such, I fancy, before very long.

The hall held about 1,400 people, and was nearly full in the afternoon, and packed out at night.

I was very much at home with my congregation in the afternoon. At night things did not seem as buoyant, at least, my share of the work did not. Still, a grand impression was doubtless made; indeed, it was proved by the forty who sought mercy. God bless Shipley!

Tuesday, 24th.

I found London very much excited on my return by the news from Africa, and agitating enough the intelligence is. Both sides seem fiercely determined.

MISS BOOTH IN ST. JOHN.

"NOTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!"

(BY WIRE)

St. John's meetings of the Field Commissioner were a sweeping success. The Mechanics' Hall was gorged. The street in front of it was blocked. We were compelled to lock doors at six o'clock. Miss Booth's address was a marvel of eloquence. The Romance of Three Worlds Rocked by Spirits was pictured as a terrific sight. Eleven souls knelt at penitent-form at conclusion.

MAJOR PICKERING.

LATER.

Glorious meetings at City Hall, Fredericton, last night. Building gorged. Commissioner's address, "Miss Booth in rags," listened to with breathless attention for hours. Everybody was delighted. Congregation consisted of Judges, Members of Parliament, Clergy, Councillors, and representatives of all classes. Hallelujah!

MAJOR PICKERING.

LAST DESPATCH.

The Commissioner, on her first visit to Woodstock, was met at the station by the Mayor, Clergy, Editors of newspapers, Band and Corps. Terrific snow-storm Sunday. Magnificent crowds at meetings in spite of it. Speech of welcome tendered by Mayor; all leading citizens were present. Commissioner's addresses were listened to with rapt attention. Mighty conviction. Six souls.

MAJOR PICKERING.

ed to hold their own and conquer at all costs. The bravery displayed by both British and Boers commands admiration on all hands, but what I am anxiously looking out for all the time is some information that seems to indicate a species of compromise of the dreadful business. Will every officer, soldier and friend pray without ceasing for this result?

22,000 Acres of Land for Social Work Secured in Western Australia.

Commandant H. Booth has secured a tract of country in Western Australia, in the Collie District, which has in it great possibilities for enterprise for Social Work in the Australian Colonies, and possibly for the third section of the scheme in the Darker England Scheme—the Over-Sea Colony; although the size of the estate is much too small to serve the purpose of such a scheme.

"The estate will be over 22,000 acres in extent. It is described as being well situated, a good proportion of the area suitable for agricultural purposes, while the balance is excellent for sheep raising. There is also a river frontage of twenty-four miles. The West Australian Government will grant some essential concessions in connection with the estate, which will enable us to work it on advantageous terms."

The Commandant has recently spent seven days in inspecting the estate, and has compassed it from boundary to boundary. He has settled on the localities for the houses, and arranged its erection, and also for the fencing-in of the property. Dairy sheds, piggeries, wool sheds, and a small saw mill are to be erected at once, and a considerable sum spent in live stock.

Financial Secretary's Notes

Ensign Burrows writes that he has had good times at Owen Sound and Menard; at the former place they had three for salvation, and at Menard seven, one of them in the open air at the drum-head. He also states that the new large box is proving a great success, and will help up the G. B. M. total grandly. He says his new lantern service, "Poor Mike," is taking time.

—[X]—

Ensign Ottawa has visited Rat Portage recently and reports good meetings with two souls. At Port Arthur a gentleman gave \$2 in the O. A. collection and another dollar at the inside meeting; they had one soul at the meeting seeking salvation.

—[X]—

Ensign Parker says they are all right. Who? Why, Brother and Sister Stone. They have no corps at Lunenburg, yet these two comrades have sent in \$5.08 for their last collection. Why cannot this be done in many other places where we have no corps? There are many soldiers throughout the country in similar circumstances.

—[X]—

The same gait says while walking down the street he met two middle-aged gentlemen coming towards him. One exclaimed, "There is Salvation!" The Ensign asked him if he had obtained, and answered, "I had an opportunity of dealing with them about their souls. He says, 'So much for the S. A. uniform.'"

—[X]—

Ensign Andrews writes that in several places in the East there is already this quarter a marked improvement in the G. B. M. He mentions a few places: last quarter Woodstock, N.B. did \$176, this quarter he has \$634; Chatham did last quarter \$2.69, he has from this place now \$11.18. These are good increases, and if the whole Province did accordingly he would lead the list again. Anyway, he is worth watching.

—[X]—

We have several new Agents this week to report, amongst them being Lily Quist and Lizzie Hammel, of Gratton, in the N.-W. F., Cassie Huskinn, of Orangeville, and Wm. Glover, Owen Sound, in the C. O. P., and Mrs. Enlist and Mrs. Pike, of Houlton, in the East. May they all do exploits.—T. C. H.

Our South African Contingent.

ENSIGN MURRAY.

the officer in charge of our Expedition to South Africa, and claim the soldier's spirit as her bright light.

Her father, General Murray, of the Indian Staff Corps, rendered his country valuable service, and distinguished himself by raising a regiment in the height of the Indian Mutiny—a regiment known to this day as Murray's Jat Horse.

His daughter, Mary, first opened her eyes in India, was brought to England as a little child, and received her education at Brussels and Boulogne.

School days concluded with the Church of England confirmation service, which Mary took part in with a little serious thought as most girls of her age display for that occasion. The event, however, had an epoch in her history, for she returned to her parents and threw herself, heart and soul, into the gaieties society-life in India affords.

Her first glimpse of the Salvation Army came through Mrs. Commissioner Booth-Tucker obtaining permission from General Murray to hold a meeting among the soldiers in India. Miss Murray was present, though not impressed, dismissing the scene from her thoughts with the conclusion that Mrs. Tucker was a very good woman. Yet, in spite of having abandoned religious ceremonies, and doubting the personality of Jesus Christ, there were times when her heart yearned for a higher sphere of life, which, vaguely seeking to obtain, led her to read all manner of books for and against religion.

The family returned to England and settled in Norwood, and in due course the Army held a Field Day at the Crystal Palace. Miss Murray was a season-ticket holder, and it occurred to her to spend the day there and have a look at these peculiar people. She arrived in time to see the march past at 10 a.m., and came away conscious of having heard convicts and other sinners declare that God had saved them.

The local open-air meetings were held nearly opposite her house, and one day a Salvationist, who, on occasions, had been employed by the Murray's, testified that God had saved him from drunkenness.

Miss Murray was then reading an unbelonging book with a desire to prove to herself a theory against the Divinity of our Saviour.

The night the book was finished she put it aside, feeling the author had utterly failed to prove his argument. Being due at a friend's house shortly afterwards, she passed the open-air. The Cadets were singing, "The Saviour is calling, calling for thee." Miss Murray passed on, the thought revolving in her brain, "if these people are right, and my theory wrong, what a terrible thing it will be to have refused such a call—a call backed up by living witnesses of a living God Who can satisfy the heart?"

The climax came some nights after, when, after a wet open-air, the soldiers marched off, and Miss Murray was left alone. The scene of the separation was terrible; she felt she was "out of it."

In this moment of extreme need she lifted her heart with the prayer, "O God, if You are God, do for me what You have done for these people."

A moment later she was conscious that a definite power for good had come into her life.

She had indeed found Christ!

It is not surprising to hear that consternation greeted the new convert's announcement at home that she was saved, and that she was a Salvationist and work as they worked, and only natural that family love should strive to prevent a daughter associating herself with a body of people public opinion stigmatized as vile.

One evening, with a dinner, Miss Murray felt as though his hands took hold of her arms, and a Voice told her to go to the barracks and speak.

She hastily rose and obeyed.

A woman-soldier, who, testifying, Miss Murray sat down, rebuked her the compulsion to speak had left her. As soon, however, as the lass had finished, the conviction returned, and Miss Murray at once stood in her feet and told her of God and his love.

Nine months afterwards she was in the Rescue Training Home as a Cadet. For the months spent in the Training Home Miss Murray has felt very thankful. There she learnt to cook and clean, as well as to dent face to face

with the hard and wicked, and to lean upon God in the hour of difficulty, and never to say die.

Her first appointment was to the Recruiting Home, where she remained eight months. Illness then compelled her to return home for one year. Her friends regarded this as an indication of God's will for her to terminate her connection with the Army.

On recovery, Capt. Murray was appointed to the Piccadilly Home, and worked there three years, the memory of which time she will ever cherish as especially blessed, in spite of the difficulties connected with it.

From Rescue Work she was transferred to the International Headquarters to assist in Editorial work, and was afterwards promoted Buskin and appointed to the Naval and Military Work, under Major Margaret Allen.

While there she took charge of Aldershot Home, where a variety of work fell to her share, including cooking, scrubbing, waiting behind the bar, conducting meetings, and looking after the Longueurs.

Six weeks later he started for the Old Country, and, and to say, backslid on the voyage home.

The following year he spent on the Continent, visiting Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, and very nearly lost his life descending the Jung-Frau in Switzerland.

Meanwhile Marmaduke had no fixed purpose in life. Occasionally he thought of entering the Queen's army, and at other times of the medical profession.

Commissioner Rees was at that time holding meetings one Sunday at Marylebone.

Marmaduke was present morning, afternoon and night. God definitely called him; but it was closing-time when he ventured to the pentitent form, and God graciously saved him at the eleventh hour of the day.

His application for officership shortly afterwards led to his being accepted as a Cadet, and, after passing through the Training Home, he was promoted Lieutenant and appointed to Market Harborough, and afterwards to Stony Stratford.

At a later date he was sent to take charge of Weedon, in Northamptonshire. Here there were no Salvation soldiers, so Lieut. Ashman opened the

His call for officership came through reading the General's "Reflections," in the War Cry, telling how a gentleman had appealed to him to open up the Army in Uganda, which request could not be complied with owing to the scarcity of men.

William Warlicker at once saw Ensign Jewell on the subject, and he suggested writing to the Candidates' Department. Matters made satisfactory progress, and last May Warlicker became a Cadet, where, after a happy and useful course of training, he is an officer, and willing to go where God wants him, whether it be among the submersed in Blackfriars Shelter, or to share the honors of the South African Expedition.

MARGARET HAINES

was of the world, and loved with her whole heart the pleasures it afforded. She was prepared to go to a ball, theatre, or dance every night in the week, and start again where she left off, with the same keen appetite for amusement.

That she was a professing Christian was very contrary to her liking, the duty it entailed of going to church occasionally.

While on a visit to Canterbury she was led to attend what proved to be an introductory visit of the Salvation Army.

Capt. Pickering was lending, and although she could not make anything out of the proceedings, she was sufficiently interested to attend every meeting, until the following Saturday night, when she went as a volunteer to the pentitent-form.

That night Margaret Haines was born of God, and stood to her feet after the transaction a new woman indeed.

The news was received by her friends as a piece of tomfoolery, likely to last a month or two. Her salvation, however, so altered the complexion of things at home, that Margaret felt that the only course open to her was to go out into the world and earn her own living, an act, as she says, of desperate faith, which we commend to the fearful.

It was evening when she arrived at Portsmouth—a town entirely unknown to her—without friends of money, and a few shillings. God-given instinct led her to seek shelter for the night at the Young Women's Christian Association and the following day her wits were taxed to the utmost.

It occurred to her to make use of her education; she accordingly wrote to the schools where she had received instruction, and they forwarded the testimonials she needed.

Her next step was to procure a recovery, obtain the addresses of influential people in the town, and write notes to them stating her capacity for teaching and recommendations. Having no money for stamps, she then trod round dropping the letters into the letter-boxes of private houses.

After ten days' waiting a reply came from Admiral Rawson's family requesting her to call.

That afternoon she got her first appointment, undertaking the entire education of two children, and in this family she remained eight years, till she farewell some months ago for the Training Home.

She had also other engagements, preparing boys for entering Wellington and the naval schools, besides teaching advanced classes at the High School.

The call to officership came two years ago, but Margaret Haines held back on account of friends.

One day, however, when she received the news that she was wanted for South Africa, she wired her two brothers in the Church of England, the other in the medical profession. The former replied, "No"; the latter, "You know best," a knowledge which Sister Haines feels belongs to God, to Whose hands she is.

The King of Pondoland, a country recently annexed to Cape Colony, has until recently been one of the most restless opponents of Christianity in South Africa. The occasion of the king's change of mind was the conversion of his chief officer, who had been a great drunkard and polygamist. On returning to his home after his conversion, the officer destroyed all magic and varied collection of beer pots, and taking all his wives but one apart, he made provision for them and sent them back to their homes.



Adj. Murray.
Capt. Ashman.

Lieut. Warlicker.

Lieut. Haines.

Her present appointment Adj. Murray received with a surprise, feeling that there were others better fitted than herself for the post, yet, at the same time, thanking God for such a field of opportunities.

MARMADUKE HOWARD ASHMAN

is one of six children, whom his father (the Rev. J. William Ashman), in conjunction with his wife, endeavored to bring up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

Reports say that Marmaduke slept all day and screamed all night.

As a child, Marmaduke never showed any religious tendencies. One of the earliest recollections he remembers was the family migrating to America, and then on to Canada, and, after a few years, the journey back to England on account of his brother's education.

Three years this boy and a brother, spent at Hurrow, Marmaduke making fair progress with his books, in spite of a preference for athletics. This course of training was followed by a strong desire for roaming, and Marmaduke travelled through America, Canada and British Columbia. At Winnipeg he met the Salvation Army and got saved.

barracks as a reading-room for the Royal Artillerymen.

A number of hours were spent daily visiting these men, getting to know their needs, and praying with them. After three months' stay here he was promoted Captain and sent to take charge of Floore.

At the first presentation of war, Capt. Ashman wrote to Major Allen, of the Naval and Military, volunteering to go to South Africa; therefore, the news that he was wanted for the Cape was to him the fulfilment of a God-inspired idea.

LIEUT. WARRICKER'S

earliest recollections are of going to school, being fond of reading, and occasionally playing truant.

Leaving school he started work as carrier with Messrs. Pickford, working his way, step by step, from van-guard to platform, then night work, office work, and ultimately regular van-man. Later on he was employed by Messrs. Carter, Patterson for six years, which he forsook for the fascinations of the sea. After several short voyages, he was about to embrace a life on the ocean wave, when he fell in with the Salvation Army and got saved at Fengee corps.

GALT. -
week we
Scoti. al^r
have ta^t

and going in to help us in the great Salvation war. This week we had good-bye to our dear comrade, Bandmaster J. McMillan, who has gone to Toronto. We shall miss him very much, as he was a tower of strength to our corps. Over thirty comrades met together at Ball's Hall and together we sat down to a farewell tea, after which J. S. S.-M. McQueen, Band-Sergt. Schwartz, Sergt.-Major McDougal and Mrs. Ensign McLeod delivered short addresses. The Bandmaster feelingly replied. The soldiers pledged themselves to do their very best for Self-Dental.-T. H. McLeod, Eusign.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

45 Corps—7 Reports

RIVERSIDE.—Sunday night's program: Well filled hall. 9 p.m. desperate dealing, soul-stirring prayer meeting. The Holy Spirit striving. Heads hung. Hearts aching. Breathless silence. A simple strain sung, "Jesus paid it all." "Is there one?" A young man stands and raises hand. "Every one along softly," Jesus said it all, all to Him I owe." There he comes, with burning tears, to the Saviour. "Sin has left a crimson stain. He washed it white as snow." There comes the second. "Mooday night lecture." Now the third. Hallelujah! And the fourth seeks God. Hallelujah! happiness. Many turn away touched by God.—N. R. Trickey, Lieut.

A Kiss in the Dark

UXBRIDGE.—Sunday night's subject: "A Kiss in the Dark." The young people flocked in to hear it. The power of God took hold of them. At close of meeting two sisters came out and got saved.—M. L. R. C.

ORANGEVILLE.—On Sunday last we had an enrolment of recruits, one sergeant, one Junior, and one corporal. S. D. bull's-eye in sight, and Captain has his eye on it. Soldiers in good trim.—C. J. J., for Capt. Wiseman.

HAMILTON I.—Staff-Capt. Mantor visited our corps Saturday and Sunday. Beautiful time. Hall crowded. Finances doubled. Monday night lecture "Matrimonial Muddles," enjoyed by all, especially the young people. Believe many will profit thereby.—F. Clink, Capt.

SOCIAL FARM.—On Wednesday, Nov. 1st, three men left and Captain Brooks and the good crowd. S. D. bull's-eye in sight. Capt. Edwards is sure the S.-D. target will be smashed to atoms.—Chas. C. Good.

Staff-Capt. Harrie, of Boston.

TEMPLE.—Sunday morning Staff-Captain gave a magnificent holiness address. At once the good crowd, always welcome, came along. Their music was quite an attraction, and the people crowded in, eager to see and hear them play. At night we had three lectures working in the open-air. Very large march. Inside, the Jubilee Hall was packed. Every bit of room was filled right up. Staff-Capt. Wm. Harrie, who was passing through the city of his way from Boston to St. Louis, Mo., called in and gave us a straight salvation address. The Staff-Capt. is an old-time Salvationist of several years' standing. The Ibbotson Family with us again at night. Bro. Edwards, who is a new recruit at our corps, and also an excellent violinist, and who, before his conversion, played at the Colosseum Theatre in London. Eng. played some enjoyable pieces. A real prayer meeting was held in which four souls sought salvation, making a total of seven for the day—five for salvation and two for holiness. Things are booming now for S.-D.—W. Peacock, R. C.

LINDSAY.—Sunday the hall was packed and the dances were good. Adj. and Mrs. Wiggins and good-bye after a term of faithful service for God and souls. Since the Adjutant and his wife came to our midst they have done work which will stand the test of eternity.—Mrs. Killingsbeck, J.S. Trean.

The brewers take the bread of the people and convert it into poison. The diseases arising from drinking spirituous or fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, increasing, if the habit be continued, till the family becomes extinct.—Charles Darwin.



North-West Province.

Corps comprising the first list:
Moses Jaw (Female Agent) ... \$15.00
Leithbridge (Female Agent) ... 12.10
Calgary (Male and Female Agent) ... 10.23
\$37.33

—@—@—

Corps ranked in second list:
Fargo (Male Agent) ... \$6.00
Neepawa (Female Agent) ... 5.67
Valley City (Female Agent) ... 5.31
Mildred (Female Agent) ... 5.20
Prince Albert (Male Agent) ... 5.00
Grand Forks (Female Agent) ... 5.00
\$32.18

—@—@—

Those who came in third:
Grafton and vicinity (Female Agent) ... \$4.66
Morden (Female Agent) ... 4.45
Edmonton (Female Agent) ... 4.19
Moosemin (Female Agent) ... 4.15
Minnedosa (Female Agent) ... 3.90
Regina (Male Agent) ... 3.27
Brandon (Female Agent) ... 3.10
\$27.62

—@—@—

Those bringing up the rear comprise:
Emerson (Female Agent) ... \$1.83
Virden (Male Agent) ... 1.75
Oakes (Female Agent) ... 1.59
Hannah (Female Agent) ... 1.06
\$6.17

—@—@—

La Moule, Lisbon, Ridgeville, Byron and Devil's Lake did respectively 10c, 5c, 5c, 5c and 10c. I will not disclose to the world the sex of those who did under \$1, but we will hope for better returns next time, while very thankful for the small favors.

—@—@—

Leaving out Calgary, which was done by a Male and Female, the Female Agents (17) did \$52.99, or an average of \$3.12; the Male Agents did \$43.27, or an average of \$6.18, so you see the men average nearly double the women.

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The question that arises to the P. A. is, if things had been turned round, there being 17 Male and 7 Female Agents, what would the income have been? Then there are the towns, of course, to consider. However, the men have more in proportion this time. The P. A. is pleased the Province did as well as it did. There were no returns from large boxes, as they arrived too late. However, they will come in this quarter, and then "we shall see what we shall see."—Ensign Perry.

Our Paris Shelter.

A few facts and figures re our Paris Shelter, which is situated upon a few doors from the now famous "Fort Chabrol," and which celebrated its first birthday on Friday, September 1st, will doubtless interest War Cry readers.

On September 1st of last year, this Shelter, which is called

"The Hotellerie Populaire"

(Popular Hostelry), opened wide its doors for the first time to the city's outcasts, only twelve of whom responded to the invitation and slept under our roof that first night. However, things soon changed, for the following night saw twelve (thirty-six that number at the Shelter, and ere the first fortnight was out the attendance had run up to ninety-eight, and, by September 20th, the register showed a nightly return of 152.

In January, so great was the popularity of our Wayside Inn, that the number of beds, which up to then had numbered 225, had to be increased to 240, thus raising our Shelter to the second rank among kindred institutions in the city.

For anybody who knows anything of the difficulties that the Army, or any other religious institution, has to contend with in France, the following

figures will have special significance. Number of persons sleeping at the Shelter during the month of—

September, 1898, was	2,776
October	6,213
November	6,732
December	6,937
January, 1899	6,945
February	6,920
March	7,238
April	6,063
May	6,507
June	6,594
July	4,578
August	3,730

Totalling up we find that during the first twelve months the Hotellerie Populaire was opened, no fewer than 12,178 beds had been booked in advance by those anxious to secure a comfortable night's rest at a minimum cost of two pence, and that the annual attendance at the Shelter has been no less than 69,462 persons. Going yet a little further into detail, we find that 33 beds were nightly bespoken and settled for in advance, and that 180 was the number of inmates sleeping nightly, throughout the year, at our Paris Night Shelter.

As to our guests, they may thus be classified: Parisians, 3,276; Provincials, 7,353; Alsacians and Lorrainers, 401; and 645 foreigners, thus made up: Americans 31, Austrians 25, Belgians 151, Danes 1, English 27, Germans 80, Greeks 3, Italians 88, Russians 29, South Americans 10, Spaniards 5, Swiss 160, Turks 15.

History Class

I.—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

Alexander had an unquenchable desire, after the conquest of Babylon, to explore the far East. With his army he entered India, and passed through the historic Khyber Pass to the banks of the Indus, where he fought a great battle with King Porus, a brave enemy who was finally conquered and made prisoner. Alexander and Porus became fast friends. In all 35 cities of the Indus were conquered by Alexander, and two new ones founded. He was anxious to press on and see all the wonders of India, but his troops were weary of marching and he was forced to retreat. He chose a different route for his return, by building ships along the coast, and he intended to coast along the shores to the mouth of the Euphrates.

A dangerous enemy was encountered at Mookan, a fort protected by a strong outer wall. When his men were following him the ladder broke and left him alone, the target of the enemy's darts. His guards begged him to jump back to them, but he scorned such an action and leapt into the fort among the enemy, which gave way for a moment. Alexander put his back against the wall and defended himself for some time with his sword, but was finally shot at with long arrows, one of which pierced his breast. Some of his guards had come to his aid by this time and held their shields over him until their comrades had conquered the fort. Alexander was carried as one dead. In the night, however, his spirits rallied. The arrow was found fastened in his breast bone, and he bade a friend cut a gash wide enough to allow the barbed ends to be extracted. He took weeks to restore him to health. In the morning the ships were proceeding with him and his army along the Indus until they reached the Indian Ocean, a well known sea of the Greeks. Before setting his march he had to collect provisions and water for the journey, and in this attempt his soldiers suffered fearfully in the dry and desert country. Alexander bravely shared their privations, and when once a soldier secured in his helmet a little water, under great difficulty, for the King, the latter thanked his warrior, but poured the water on the ground. Retaining no acknowledgment when his troops had none, finally after losing their way, he reached a city in Persia. The governors he had left there had expected him to perish in India and had shamefully robbed the people, Alexander, without distinction, pun-

ished both Greek and Persian offenders. He concluded by a reunion of both nations, and at the celebration married eighty Greek bridegrooms to eighty Persian brides. Alexander himself married a daughter of Darius.

He then set himself to the strengthening of Babylon's fortifications, preparing it to be the capital of his vast empire.

While going about in a boat to give orders to drain the swampy ground around Babylon, he caught a fever. The Greeks, who hated him, said he drank too much wine. This appears unlikely. He sank gradually, and finally died in 323 B.C., at the age of only thirty-three years.



Lieutenant Gray,
Promoted to Glory from Springfield, N.S.,
Oct. 12th, 1890.

TO HEAVEN FROM BARRIE

Our dear comrade, Bro. Teddy Howcroft, has gone to be with Jesus. Last Sunday week, though feeling poorly, he attended the meetings and gave his testimony with the rest of the comrades. We little thought that it would be the last that we should listen to, but so it was, for he was taken very sick on Tuesday. He died a triumphant death and left a beautiful testimony behind him. Almost his last words were, when asked by the writer, "Is Jesus precious now?" he said, "Yes, so precious, so precious." The funeral service was conducted by Captain Wilson, assisted by the writer. The memorial service was very impressive. We believe God spoke to many hearts.—Alice Charnitor, Capt.



Brother Mulien,

Late Secretary of Oshawa, Promoted to Glory, Oct. 18th, 1890.

There is no vaunting with death when it comes.

It is the mark of a man not to flinch from his promise.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The Famine in Central India is Reaching an
Appallingly Shocking State.

THE ARMY HAS OPENED TWENTY-FIVE CHEAP
GRAIN DEPOTS.

To Commissioner Howard, Foreign
Office, London, from Lieut.-Colonel
Nurani, Gujrat, India:

My Dear Commissioner,—You will know that now all hope of rain is over; and that a dreadful famine prevails in the Central Territory—Rajputana, Gujrat, and Panch Mahals. There has been no famine in these parts since the year 1877, and it is stated in the newspapers that those who remember that famine agree that this one is much worse. There were no less than ten thousand persons seeking work at one tank at Ahmedabad the other day; four thousand of these were refused because they belonged to native States; two thousand were returned, and the others would have been, but they slunk away.

Everything costs twice the ordinary rate, and, though the Government is doing what it can in opening up Relief Works in different centres, the rate of wages is very low—viz. 2½ annas per day for men, 2 annas for women, and 6 pice for children. Thus, when prices are so high, will purchase but little.

In Rajputana the chiefest need is free distribution: the scarcity has been there for three years, and hundreds of people lie on the sides of the road too weak to work.

We have in this Territory many thousands of soldiers and adherents enrolled upon our books, and a multitude of little school-children to care for, besides the thousands of others, in the villages where we work, who look to the Salvation Army before all others, as their helpers and religious teachers. To care properly for them, something on a large scale should be organized, and that immediately. We have already opened twenty Grain Shops with free distribution, but this is only like a drop in the bucket compared to the need—it is like playing at helping, so tiny is the supply for the great crowds which come. We have received the most distressing letters from every officer in charge of a Grain Shop begging that their capital be immediately at least doubled, as the crowds which are each time turned away are four or five times as large as those they can supply. Not only ought these Grain Shops to be increased, but we ought to open up at least ten more, as the distances between the Grain Shops are great.

Our soldiers are mostly weavers; but, owing to the high price of grain and general poverty, they can at present find no sale for their cloth. They, therefore, have to live in their houses; how, then, can they get place even for cheap grain?

The little children need help most of all. When we gathered our Jaminars (Local Officers) together at a meeting for a meeting, giving them food afterwards, we found they had not tasted anything for two days. Poor people! You can think how the children suffer, and how the parents have to know if the Salvation Army will be prepared to take a number of these, if he has them, and is willing for a reply. Surely the Salvation Army cannot refuse to answer this great need!

Capt. Hooker, who is collecting at Ajmer, visited the District Magistrate there. He is responsible for employing or feeding 2,400 persons, and fears that very soon he will have many homeless children on his hands. He wants to know if the Salvation Army will be prepared to take a number of these, if he has them, and is willing for a reply. Surely the Salvation Army cannot refuse to answer this great need!

To Commissioner Howard, Foreign
Office, from Anbal, Staff-Capt.:
Those of us living in the Central

Indian Territory know what it is to have a constantly aching heart, and to feel an almost hopeless helplessness in the midst of this terrible visitation of famine. Thousands of the very old and very young have died, while those who were strong are daily becoming weak. The poor agriculturists have lost their cattle through the drought, removing the possibility of ploughing in the future.

It is a terrible thing to know that out of every ten people one meets going from village, nine of them are really



Some Famine-Stricken Indians.

starving. With no work, no money, and no food, they must soon die.

We are doing all we can, but it is woefully insufficient. We must have money to feed the people. England must help us! It is pathetic to see our big, strong Jaminars (Local Officers) of the village come sit in the meetings, to hear their songs and testimonies, see their smiles of welcome, and hear their officers whisper afterwards: "These men have had no food for two days!" Yet they never complain; never beg. And we can do so little for them, being so poor ourselves. God help us all!

Ah, if you ever lived here and saw them, and heard their cries, you would feel that the children alone were worth any amount of trouble and self-sacrifice. Sometimes we long to get away and hide ourselves, but that would be cowardly; so we go on doing our best, and praying God to touch the hearts of those who have the wherewithal to help India's precious people.

Do not think we have exaggerated or over-colored. The distress will grow worse and worse, until the next rain comes—ten months hence—and the harvest is reaped. God bless you! I do help us, for Jesus' sake and India's sake!

FROM WEST ONTARIO.

The "Comrade," West Ontario Province, sends glorious tidings of soul-saving. St. Thomas had a big haul on Sunday; Woodstock reports three; Dryden, and a number of other corps, report a grand week-end. A big enrolment at Dresden; quite a number waiting to follow suit in the Palmerston District. The Brigadier has had a wonderful reception at every place visited; souls have come forward at not a few corps during his trip. Look out! He's coming your way. The Brigadier has promoted Lieut. Hockin, who remains in charge of Norwich, as slated by Lieut. Edwards. Ensign Gamble returns to the fight at Wallaceburg, after a brief rest in the East. We regret to announce the break-down of Lieut. Knuckle. The doctor has ordered a complete rest for two months at least. The Lieutenant is a faithful, devoted girl, and we ask our comrades to bear her up before the throne. We hail with pleasure Mrs. Major Cooper's return to the front again. And finally, brethren, don't forget the Sick and Wounded Fund. We are in great need. The Fund is overdrawn. Let us have a good response.

Slum Work

In addition to this we have eight sinup posts, with sixteen women continually going about day and night finding the destitute and starving, to care for and give them all the attention possible. Our slum work differs from the English in this, that we do not have public meetings in connection with it. Any souls who get saved are linked on to the nearest corps. We have also two Rescue Homes, one in Berlin, accommodating twenty-five girls, and another in Hamburg, was opened only a few months ago, also with accommodation for twenty-five. The results of our work here we cannot yet speak of, but the prospects are bright.

We have also a Maternity Home with ten beds, and a Children's Home, accommodating twenty-five children. Our comfort is that all the places as well on the way to self-support. I might also say that at each place we have doctors who, out of love and esteem for the Army, give all their services free.

In Strasburg we began our work two years ago. God has done wonders, and souls have been saved by hundreds. There are now three corps in the city, and crowds gather nightly in each of our halls. The latest opening is under the command of Ensign Dietrich, an officer of nine years' standing. Saved at the age of fifteen years, at this very penitent form, she was not allowed to see her friends for eight years because she was a Salvationist.

A Case in Point.

Let me now narrate a recent conversion of one who is now a Cadet in our Training Home: A lady from a good family came in touch with the Army, and saw there that the formal religion which she possessed was useless. She therefore, went to the penitent form, got converted, and became a soldier. As a result, she was hated by her family, and treated in a most brutal manner by her sister, being beaten and shut up in a room without anything to eat. When this failed to turn her from her purpose, they said she was mad, and got a doctor to confirm this, thus trying to prove that she was incapable of managing the property and money which she possessed. The whole affair came before the courts, and her family tried to show she had lost her reason because she had signed our Articles of War. The judge, asked for by the Judge, and read out a court. The Judge decided that only a person in their right senses could or would sign these Articles, and the case was decided in favor of our sister. She then separated entirely from her family, became a Candidate, and is now a Cadet, with the prospect of becoming a very successful officer.

Another of the Corps where we have entered during the last two years is Cologne, and to-day we have a very successful work going on. Three help masses, and the future of our work in the city appears very good indeed.

The prospects ahead of us are simply marvellous! We have undertaken to open up new stations in connection with the Twentieth Century Scheme, and before this year is out we expect to have fixed upon our first Metropole for fifty women. This article is only intended to give our readers a bird's-eye view of what has been done, and what shall yet be done by the Army in Germany. We give all the glory to our God, and march on to greater and more glorious victories.

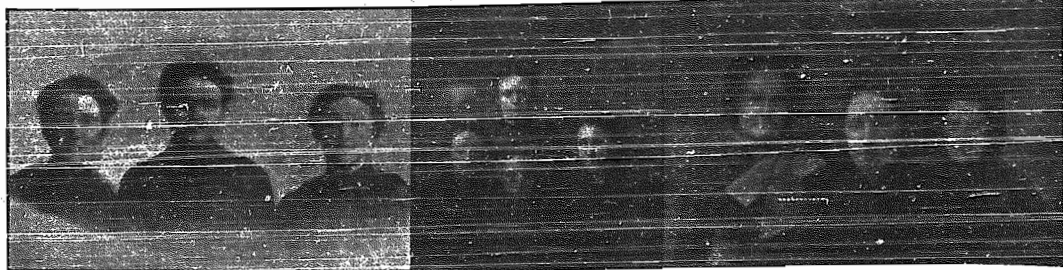
Even if we sit crooked let us be real straight.

GERMANY'S ONWARD MARCH.

By COMMISSIONER McKIE.

Germany is a mighty nation of fifty-two million souls, a nation that is daily increasing in numbers, influence and power, and a nation that presents to a Salvationist a field of greater usefulness, we think, than any other. That which has been already accomplished speaks loudly of the mighty possibilities of the future.

Let us glance at the onward march of the Army in Germany during the last four years. Just that time has passed away since I was commissioned in false charge of our work in this country. We had then less than twenty corps, about fifty officers, and a very uphill fight indeed. We were not at all understood by the authorities, and a general feeling existed that while the Salvation Army was all very well for England and other lands, for Germany it was entirely unsuitable. But we knew that when God made the Army He made it for the world, and, therefore, for the German, and, consequently, it must suit him; and on this line we worked, and sought to



The Howcroft Sisters.
Capt. Jennie and Lieut. Maggie, Owen Sound,
Capt. Clara, Berlin.

Corps Cadet M. Holden,
Pub. Sergt. Suele Holden, Corps Cadet Fox,
Junior Oille Lorrillard, Windsor, N.S.

Sergt. J. Irons, Corps Cadet Sharnham,
and P. S.-M. Minnie Smith,
of Windsor, N. S.

HUSTLERS' RENDEZVOUS.

The Defaulting East Again

NIGGER TRIUMPHANT.

Skagway's "Hot Cakes."

ANOTHER DIG AT SPOKANE.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE "EAST vs WEST" COMPETITION.

It is with considerable shamefacedness that I confess to the fact that the Eastern boomers' list just as it was received. We don't want to do it again. If you'll only treat us fair. You will confer a favor on the long-suffering printers down stairs if you send in your list like other provinces do, in numerical order. A printer's life is not an enviable one, I assure you, from a lazy man's standpoint, and we studiously endeavor to make it as endurable as possible. It's the last straw, they say, that breaks the camel's back.

Sister Lewis, our indefatigable Victoria boomer, has been laid aside by sickness. We are glad to hear she is up and about.

THE WEST.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

59 Hustlers.

SISTER MRS. HEATH, Portage	103
in Prud'homme	
Cadet Nattal, Winnipeg	10
Capt. Barrager, Moose Jaw	83
Capt. McKay, Devil's Lake	7
Cadet Giles, Winnipeg	76
Cadet-Capt. Mrs. Gilliam	65
Capt. Woodway, Selkirk	61
Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William	61
Sister A. Cooke, Fargo	51
Sister Mrs. Kelly, Fargo	51
Cadet McKee, Winnipeg	51
Cadet Anderson, Jamestown	50
Capt. Myers, Edmonton	50
Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge	46
Ensign Taylor, Regina	45
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton	45
Mrs. Ensign Finkler, Rat Portage	43
Cadet Harkey, Rat Portage	40
Cadet Livingston, Fort William	40
Capt. Clarke, Virden	40
Lieut. Hagen, Moosomin	38
Cadet Hall, Rat Portage	37
Bro. Harvey, Valley City	36
Adjt. Thomas, Jamestown	34
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	32
Cadet Ferguson, Lisbon	31
Sergt. Mrs. Johnson, Selkirk	31
Capt. Pearce, Moosomin	29
Capt. Brandner, Lisbon	27
Capt. Cronway, Selkirk	25
Bro. Meron, Lethbridge	25
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks	25
Sister M. Merson, Grand Forks	25
Sergt. Dan Reece, Neepawa	23
Capt. Smith, Larimore	22
Sergt. S. Chalmers, Winnipeg	20
Lieut. Draper, Lethbridge	20
Capt. Halstein, Bismarck	20
Lieut. Kreiger, Hannah	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

33 Hustlers.

Capt. Beaumont, Kamloops	31
Lieut. Nesbitt, Kamloops	42
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo	70
Lizzie Cowie, Kamloops	70
SISTER L. FOISBERG, Butte	161
Sister Rowe, Butte	57
Ensign Cummins, Revelstoke	50
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Revelstoke	50
Mrs. Noh, Revelstoke	29
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, New Westminster	57
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livingston	97
ADJT. WOODRUFF, Nelson	113
Capt. Tangill, Sheridan	59
MRS. CAPT. BRYAN, Anacosta	150
Lieut. Long, Missoula	63
Lieut. Betts, Kalispell	63
Mrs. Powell, New Wintcom	53
Lieut. Ziehrhrt, New Wintcom	77
SISTER SMITH, Roseland	171
Capt. Hans, Roseland	58
Bro. Obersold, Roseland	58
Jas. Butler, Roseland	21
CADET JOHNSON, Spokane	157
Capt. Noble, Spokane	88

Cadet J. W. Bowyer, Mt. Vernon	45
Cadet L. Lanchilla, Mt. Vernon	2
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Trail	75
Sister A. Lewis, Victoria	70
Lieut. Patterson, Victoria	60
Sister Nellie Porter, Victoria	40
Sister Nellie Little, Victoria	25
Sister A. Mortimer, Victoria	25

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

8 Hustlers.

Cadet Wright, St. Johns I.	40
Cadet Ludlow, St. Johns I.	4
Cand. Clark, St. Johns I.	40
Cand. Butler, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. March, St. Johns I.	25
Bessie Hiscock, St. Johns I.	20
Mary Newell, St. Johns I.	20
Capt. James, Grand Bank	32

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

3 Hustlers.

Adjt. McGill, Skagway	59
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Skagway	59
Ensign Bloss, Skagway	89

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

102 Hustlers.

SISTER MRS. PEARCE, Temple	102
Mrs. Ensign Wyuu, Newmarket	71
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	60
Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound	60
Lieut. Craig, Orillia	57
Capt. Rendu, Orillia	57
Sergt. Passmore, Hamilton I.	56
Sergt. Bowcher, Ligar St.	55
Lieut. Trickey, Riverside	51
Capt. Hanna, Aurora	50
Sister Mrs. Medlock, Temple	50
Adjt. Grayveit, North Bay	50
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	50
Lieut. Cooper, Chesley	50
Bro. Thos. Boyer, Bracebridge	49
Capt. Stillkoll, Riverside	49
Capt. Charlton, Barrie	46
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	45
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury	45
Capt. Poole, Dovercourt	45
Capt. Brant, Richmond St.	45
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	45
Cadet White, Riverside	45
Capt. Kivell, Perry Sound	45
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	45
Adjt. Cameron, Bracebridge	40
Capt. Gammidge, Dundas	40
Capt. Connors, Dundas	40
Capt. Belling, Meaford	40
Lieut. Stickels, Meaford	40
Treas. Killingbeck, Lindsay	40
Sister Lepord, Collingwood	36
Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville	35
Lieut. Bone, Huntsville	35
Sister Smith, Georgetown	35
Lieut. Carwardine, Rossmoreville	35
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	35
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	35
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	35
Capt. Hancock, Lippincott	35
Cadet Trever, Temple	35
Adjt. Moore, Hamilton I.	35
P. S. M. Penh, St. Catharines	32
Sister Bentley, Hamilton I.	32
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	32
Sister M. Light, Hamilton I.	32
Cadet Crowder, Temple	30
Sergt. Matheson, Temple	30
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville	30
Lieut. Patterson, Little Current	30
Capt. Belling, Little Current	30
Capt. Meeks, Brooklin	30
Thos. Young, Telford	30
Capt. Fisher, Abnle Harbor	30
Cadet Grombridge, Temple	30
Lieut. Stickels, Midland	29
Cadet Haskins, Midland	29
Capt. Matthews, Ligar St.	29
Adjt. Searr, Ligar St.	28

Lieut. Paxton, Gravenhurst	2
Cadet Marskell, Temple	25
Cadet Parnay, Temple	25
Cadet Plant, Temple	25
Cadet McGregor, Temple	25
Bro. Smith, Midland	25
Lieut. Edwards, Peversham	25
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton II.	25
Capt. Nelson, Brampton	25
Bro. McCann, Oshawa	25
Lieut. Tucker, Oshawa	25
Sergt. Emily Howell, Riverside	25
Lieut. Culvert, St. Catharines	25
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	25
Cadet Reynolds, Lippincott	25
Cadet Patterson, Lippincott	25
Sister Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	24
Cadet Leggett, Temple	21
Cadet Bishop, Temple	21
Bro. C. C. Gooda, Social Farm	22
Sister Jennie McQuale, Temple	22
Sister Edith Meader, Lippincott	2
Sister Mrs. Gee, Hamilton II.	20
Father Curry, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Maude Wessler, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. Banks, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines	20
Sergt. Bowler, Ligar St.	20
Sergt. Lusk, Lusk St.	20
Capt. Cornish, Brampton	20
Capt. Lett, Oumee	20
Cand. Glover, Owen Sound	20
Bro. Dault, Sudbury	20
Sister Mrs. Juliana, Dovercourt	2
Sister Mrs. Mayes, Bracebridge	20
Bro. Cookins, Maford	20
Sister Sherwood Collingwood	20
Sister Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	20
Adjt. Fox, Lindsay	20
S. M. Courtmanche, Nerland	20
Sister Carden, Yorkville	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

62 Hustlers.

North-West Province	39
Pacific Province	32
Newfoundland Province	8
Klondike Expedition	3

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION

Central Ontario Province	102
West Ontario Province	92
East Ontario Province	86

The Central is again to the front, as large as life. Well, if that don't beat anything! Let me hear no more cries of "Poor Nigger!" I declare he is in no urgent need of sympathy. If he keeps on winning, I presume his neck will so swell with pride that he'll need a larger collar!

I must see Brigadier Pugmire at once. There must be some cause for the lack of boomers from West Ontario Province. If the Brigadier can't explain it, I must address myself to Staff-Capt. Phillips, who is well in touch with the whole field. The Staff Captain is an old friend of mine, and will doubtless disclose some state secrets. Even now, as I write these notes, some sudden news from London telling of 112 boomers may come from my dreams.

Adjt. McGill, the latest deserter from the ranks of the "great unmarried and un-cared-for" (with niple on ologies to the suffering reminder) says: "War Cry sell like hot cakes in Skagway." I am glad to hear it. Why not order more hot cakes? A very desirable thing, I should say, in the cold, northern climate.

Mrs. Ensign Miller, Listowel	3.
P. S. M. Dearing, Hespler	30.
Sister M. Tremblin, Listowel	30
Adt. MacAmmond, London	28
Father Cutting, Essex	27
Sister O. Donnel, Galt	27
Ensign McLeod, Galt	27
Chris. Jacklin, London	27
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Sister Groom, Blenheim	25
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	25
Marshall Beun, Wallaceburg	25
Lieut. Whinters, Palmerston	24
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	24
Maud Durrant, Galt	24
Capt. Burton, Ingersoll	22
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	22
Sister Quick, Stratroy	21
Adt. Blackwell, Windsor	21
May Christie, London	21
Wesley Graham, London	20
Capt. Huntingdon, Leamington	20
Stanley Rumble, Blenheim	20
Aggie Hiltz, Blenheim	20
Mrs. Ingalls, Ingersoll	20
Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	20
Capt. McDonald, Bothwell	20
Lieut. Crank, Bothwell	20
Mrs. McCle, Petrolia	20
Mrs. Carr, Carr, Petrolia	20
Sister Close, Brantford	20
Adjt. McIlarg, Brantford	20
Bro. Manyard, Paris	20
Ordel Crawford, Paris	20
Bro. Christner, Paris	20
Ensign Green, Stratford	20
Capt. Green, Stratford	20
Capt. Fell, St. Thomas	20
Sister Burns, Dresden	20
Vict. Edwards, Windsor	20
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	20
Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hustlers.

LEUT. LANGFORD, Ottawa	145
CADET HICKS, St. Albans	117
ENSIGN STAIGER, Cananogue	107
SERGE. DUDLEY, Ottawa	100
SERGE. MAJOR PERKINS, Barre	100
Lieut. Ash, Morrisburg	97
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	93
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	90
Lieut. Ludlow, Newport	90
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	90
Capt. Woods, Deseronto	88
Capt. Brindley, Sherbrooke	85
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro	81
Adjt. Ogilvie, Cornwall	80
Capt. Wilson, St. Johnsbury	80
Adjt. Kendall, Belleville	77
Capt. Bloss, Prescott	75
Sister Smardon, Montreal I.	75
Capt. Burch, Brockville	70
Lieut. Yanow, Brockville	69
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	66
Lieut. Piteher, Arnprior	65
Capt. Brown, Burlington	65
Lieut. Brooklets, Montreal I.	65
Capt. Stanforth, Cornwall II	65
Bro. Moss, Montreal I.	60
Bro. Wilbur, Barre	60
Lieut. Almark, Belleville	54
Lieut. Carter, St. Johnsbury	52
Lieut. Cook, Cantecroque	50
Capt. Titus, Pembroke	50
Lieut. Hickman, Napanee	50
Ensign Ward, Kingston	50
Capt. French, Kingston	50
Capt. Downey, Montreal II.	50
Capt. Jones, Montreal II.	50
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Grose, Trinton	50
Capt. Comstock, Cobourg	50
Lieut. Lang, Cobourg	50
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Fort Hope	50
Mary Baker, Napanee	50
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	50
Capt. Randall, Renfrew	40
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	40
Sister Brown, Montreal I.	40
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	40
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	40
Bro. Labron, Perth	40
Lieut. McEwan, Kemptville	40
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Picton	40
Hannah Smith, Peterboro	40
Bro. Stone, Lakefield	40
Capt. Slater, Renfrew	40
Capt. Mumford, St. Albans	40
Sister Robertson, Barre	40
Capt. Craig, Kemptville	40
Lieut. Norman, Millbrook	40
Lieut. Newell, Pearson	40
Capt. Green, Picton	40
Mrs. Hippern, Montreal I.	40
Mrs. Capt. Beachell, Tweed	40
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	40
Maud Edmonds, Odessa	40
Dad Duquett, Trenton	40
Steve Stanzel, Carleton Place	40
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	40
Sergt. Gough, Kingston	40
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Capt. Beachell, Tweed	40
Capt. Mitchell, Sunbury	40
Capt. Craig, Odessa	40
Ensign Tins, Barre	40
Sister Nicholson, Montreal I.	40
Capt. Vance, Bloomfield	40
Sister Simpson, Brockville	40
Annie McCorkel, Ottawa	40

Mrs. Bliss, Ottawa	20
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	20
Ensign Jones, Picton	20
Mingie Carey, Burlington	20
Lizzie Berry, Quebec	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	20
Ensign Yerex, Montreal III.	20

Brigadier Sharp in the Act of "Booting"
his Unwilling Sued.



"Get up, ye balky creature! Why can't ye behave yourself as well as them other horses across the Straits?"

West Ontario S.-D.

CHALLENGES.

Class I.—London Juniors throw down the gauntlet to any Junior Corps in the Province. What about Ingersoll? Capt. Burton? We are waiting. It is your move.

Class II.—Brantford challenges Strat-

Class VIII.—Here's another sky-cracker! Bothwell (Capt. McD.) is after the devil with both feet, and is in to beat the countryside.

Class IX.—Capt. Copeman (Watford) throws down the glove to Forest (Capt. Bonny) who immediately accepts the challenge. Capt. Bonny writes us as follows: "With pleasure I accept Capt. Copeman's challenge. He's not in it." It will be interesting to watch this contest. Copeman has good staying powers, and will give a good account of himself. Capt. Pynn (Drayton) is also after Watford, and desires to try conclusions with the worthy Copeman. We are watching Hayfield's move.

Class X.—Listen! This is the way to talk. Captain Jarvis (Thedford) writes thus: "I challenge anything in my class (X)." How's that for plain Anglo-Saxon? We rather think the Captain knows what he is about, too. Bravo, Capt. Carr (Wyoming). The Captain would like to hear from Capt. Jordinson (Mitchell). Now, Jordinson, will you take up the challenge?

The Empire's Safety.

We belong to the greatest Empire that this world has ever seen, and not only is this the vastest Empire, but it is also the most opulent. Ours is an Empire teeming with wealth, genius, and splendid possibilities. With this



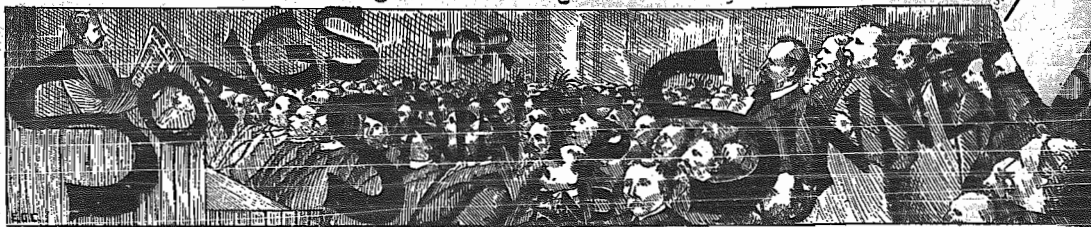
Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp arrived in the city on Thursday, Oct. 19th, in excellent spirits, having enjoyed the councils held in Toronto. Arrangements had been made for a Staff Council for the following Thursday. Many things were discussed for the benefit of the Island. On Friday night a meeting was held in the Citadel, led by the Brigadier and Staff.

A good crowd was in attendance. After the second song, the Brigadier read from Peter, and gave out some splendid ideas. Following this the D. O's gave an account of the work in their Districts.

Ensign Brown, of Greenspond, mentioned the increases that had been made in his District in Juniors and Band of Love members (a good figure); also said there were great chances of new openings. Men have written him and one man walked over (twenty m' to see him, with respect to an officer to open up their pl- held meetings.

Ensign Suow spoke of that had been achieved in his District, and in the future, stating the very far- not!





Tunes.—From every stain made clean ;
or, For ever with the Lord (B.J.
81).

1 My life, my time, my all,
Lord, at Thy feet I lay ;
From henceforth I will ever be
Thy servant to obey.
Wherever Thou dost lead,
I'll bravely follow on ;
I'll do whatever Thou bidst me do—
Thy will in me be done.

My talents, too, I give—
They are not much, I know ;
But use them, Lord, for Thine own
ends,
Through me Thy power show.
Give me with Blood-and-Fire,
Thy favour make of me ;
—a burning love for souls—
—of Calvary.

al, accept
mine ;
heard by Thee.

Though to beat us they've been trying,
Our colors still are flying,
And our Flag shall wave for ever,
For we never will give in !

Chorus.

No, we never, never, never will give in,
No we won't !
No, we never, never, never will give in,
For we mean to have the victory for
ever !

We will follow our conqu'ring Saviour
From before Him hell's legions shall
fly.

Our battalions shall never waver—
They're determined to conquer or
die.

From faith, holiness, and heaven,
We never will be driven,
We will stand our ground for ever,
For we never will give in !

With salvation to every nation.

To the ends of the earth we will go,
With a free and a full salvation,
All the power of the Cross we'll
show.

We'll tear hell's throne to pieces,
And win the world for Jesus ;
We'll be conquerors for ever,
For we never will give in !

Heaven or Hell ?

Tunes.—I a soldier sure shall be (B.B.
64) ; Wells (B.J. 61, 3) ; Christ re-
ceiveth sinful men.

5 Come, ye trifling sinners, come,
While your time is in your hand ;
Death will come without delay ;
You the summons must obey.

Chorus.

Then you'll weep and wish to be
Happy in eternity !

Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud ;
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb.

Will you go to heaven or hell ?
One you must, and there to dwell ;
Christ will come, and quickly too ;
I must meet Him, so must you.

Oh, ye children of the light !
Always keep your armor bright ;
Then with all the sanctified,
Christ will claim you as His bride.

Chorus.

Then you'll ever with Him be.
Happy in eternity !

Claim Pardon Now.

Tune.—I know that my Redeemer
lives ; or, Come, brethren dear
(B.B. 9).

6 Poor sinner, harken to the call,
Salvation's free for one and all ;
The wicked need not doubt.
The Fountain ope'd on Calvary's tree,
Doth richly flow for you and me,
Oh, plunge beneath its tide !

Was Jesus ope'd that Fountain wide,
When, bleeding on the cross, He cried ;
"Salvation's work is done !"
He triumphed over death for thee,
And lives from guilt to set thee free,
Oh, come to Him just now !

He waits your soul to save and bless,
To robe you in His righteousness,
And make you fully His.
Then come just now, while He doth
wait,
And open wide stands Mercy's gate,
Come, claim your pardon free.

"Live or die just as He pleases,
Where He is I mean to be ;
If death could not frighten Jesus,
Then why should death frighten me ?
Over Jordan without shrinking,
Seeing Jesus, not the foam ;
In His arms so everlasting,
He will bear me safely home."



BRIGADIER GASKIN

Will conduct Special Meetings in To-
ronto as follows :

Temple, Friday, Nov. 24, and Dec. 1.
Holiness Conventions.

Yorkville, Sun. and Mon., Dec. 3, 4.
Lisgar, Wednesday, Dec. 6. Hallelu-
jah Wedding.

Temple, Friday, Dec. 8. Holiness Con-
vention.

Richmond St., Sunday, Dec. 10.
Temple, Friday, Dec. 15. Holiness
Convention.

Lisgar, Sunday, Dec. 31. Battle for
souls.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ,

Women's Social Secretary,

will visit

'Spokane, Wash., Thurs., Fri., Sat.
Sun. and Mon., Nov. 23, 24, 25, 26,
27. Rescue Home Anniversary.

Victoria, B. C., Wed. and Thurs., Nov.
28, 29. Opening new Rescue Home.
'ancouver, B. C., Sat. and Sun., Dec.
2, 3.

randon, Man., Thursday, Dec. 7.

'anipeg, Man., Sat., Sun., Mon. and
Tues., Dec. 9, 10, 11, 12. Anniver-
sary Rescue Home.

rtage la Prairie, Man., Wed. and
Thurs., Dec. 13, 14.

t Portage, Ont., Sat. and Sun., Dec.
16, 17.

t Arthur, Ont., Tuesday, Dec. 19.

Brigadier Howell will accompany Mrs.
Read at these places.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of
the Salvation Army, printed and
published by John M. O. Horn, S.A.
Printing House, 18 Albert Street
Toronto.